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THE LOST ONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Oh, dear me! how you made me start!
Why, I never heard your step on the floor—
No, I never heard you knock at the door;
But, Mag, I'm so glad you've come.

How good to come in this pouring rain!
But first take off that dripping wet cloak,
While I give this darned old fire a poke.
Yes, isn't it frightful cold?

Oh, but I've had the horrors all day!
And what with them, and this lonely place,
It's a treat at last to see someone's face.
Say, Mag, have you seen my Jim?

The dirty cur, he's never been near—
Never since last time I was tight;
I know I'm a fool, and he serves me right,
For I swore I'd not drink again.

My heart's most broken—that it is;
But I feel how fast I'm growing old.
My hair's turning gray since Jim's turned cold—
What am I giving you now?

Oh, you can easily say: "Trust to luck!"
Your trouble's ahead, put yourself in my place,
And down on your luck. Just look at my face!
I wish to Heaven I'd some gin!

Say, does my eye look so awful bad?
Yes, you'd think of an oyster, and you blind tight—
I'll never tell—I suppose in a fight.
Yes, yes, I know I'm a fool!

Oh, you just bet I was awfully gone—
I could hardly find my way to this street;
But I knew the "cop" who was on the beat,
Or else he'd have taken me in.

Say, Mag dear, have you got any change?
I wouldn't ask, but I haven't a cent,
For I paid the last for the cussed rent—
Of course the hag wouldn't wait.

I know if you had a dollar you'd share. [the rest;
What my last new dress! Oh, that's gone with
I've a bundle of tickets here in my breast.
And haven't you really seen Jim?

You don't say Sue's married? Well, I am glad.
What's become of her comrade Maude?
Sixty days on the Island! God!
For that's just where I'll end.

I wonder, Mag, if there is a hell.
Better think of a better place?
Lord knows, I do! But in my case
Is there hope for such as I?

Oh, dear, I'm afraid in that better place,
Where there's no sorrow, nor shame, nor sin,
That, honest and true, they won't let me in.
Ah me! God's good, any way.

Mag, when I look back on all my past
And think of my sisters, and think of my brother,
And think I'm disowned by all but mother
(Of father I never dare think),

Then I truly wish that I were dead,
And away from all this dreadful life.
If I were but some good man's wife—
Since but a few weeks."

But that's all past and gone.

I tell you, Mag, I must have a drink,
For I will, and drink I must, you bet I must.
Go over the way—Big Joe, he'll trust;
You needn't say it's for me.

You'll pawn that ring? I guess you won't.
You guess you will to-morrow?
O Mag! you're so kind, though I hate to borrow,
But you see yourself how it is.

I wouldn't drink if I thought As'd come.
O Mag! don't say it was really him!
To night! Quite sure? With her! My Jim!
Oh, let me out in the street!

Mag, there's no use your trying to keep me back;
I'll go if the devil stood in the way.
I don't care a cuss what Jim'll say,
Nor you, nor all the world.

You shan't—I tell you you shan't—keep me in;
If I die in the streets, I'm bound to go out.
I swear if you hold me back that I'll shout.
You don't—I'll have my own way.

Let it rain cats and dogs—curse me if I care,
And a curse on *her*, and a curse on this face!
But I'll find them out! I'll find the place!
Let that woman look to herself! BAMBRINO.

ALL FOR THE WORST,

OR THE RISING AND SETTING OF A "STAR."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAMES WIGHT.

CHAPTER FIRST.—RISING IN GLORY.

Leading ladies, at the period with which this history has to deal, were as scarce in London and in New York as they have since been plentiful. Of admirable actors there had been no lack; but managers found by woeful fiduciary experience that an auditorium could not be decently filled—much less packed!—every night in the week without some very positive female attraction. The fickle public was tired of burlesques, and pantomimes, and farces, and heavy tragedies, and "The Beggar's Opera," and clamored for the legitimate drama as the Israelites hankered after the fleshpots of Egypt. Scouts watched the theatrical horizon for the appearance of a "star" as the shipwrecked mariner despairingly gazes for the glint of the sail which is so long in coming. Consequently, when a traveling correspondent of a London newspaper reported that a young lady had made a remarkable hit in Rosalind in a Yorkshire theatre, half a dozen metropolitan managers rushed off to the northern county to see if she was the rising star they had been waiting for.

At the end of the first act two of the managers shrugged their shoulders; two more raised their eyebrows and studied the pattern of the dome. The fifth said to his companion:

"She's deuced pretty, Wraxall. What do you think of her?"

"Ah—well, I don't know; wait till we see the other acts," said Wraxall, rising. "Excuse me a minute."

The shrewd and enterprising manager thereupon went to the stage-door, and in a few minutes was engaged in earnest conversation with the beautiful neophyte. He promptly made her an offer, which she would only accept conditionally. The chief of the Orlando of the piece. Before departing, Manager Wraxall witnessed another act, and the bargain was struck—the contract signed. Miss Eveline Greville made her London début in "The Lady of Lyons," Gerald Noel playing Claude Melnotte, and fairly dividing the honors with the lovely star. The two strangers were called several times before the curtain, and the critics next day scanned into extravagant hyperbole. Rosalind followed. Her feet reminded one of Sir John Suckling's mice—they were so small and arched and pretty; while others spoke of the charm of her person, and praised the perfect witchery of her acting and grace of her movements.

"I swear I never say anything like her," said a occupant of a stage-box to his companion one evening. "Talk about halcyon epochs of womanform lovely—classic—

[illegible] sympton of another [illegible] you been mixing brandy-and-[illegible]?"

"Not a drop, old fellow; but I feel I'm [illegible] and maudlin, if you like. By Arthur, why haven't we been to see her before? She is one of those incomparable creatures who [illegible] has lodged the man-subjugating power in one of that plentiful class of women who will cruelly can find a scoundrel, and then bring him to their heart and call him their destiny," said the other, who was a cynic. "Why doesn't she marry the Orlando? You can see it is no acting on his part, but an infatuation—a terrible reality."

"Why should she marry the fellow?" cried Lord Cleveden. "Why should she throw herself away on him?"

"Don't speak so loud—you attract attention. You are probably not aware that Gerald Noel is a gentleman, by education, and a physician by training. He left a respectable and lucrative profession to follow the vain girl's fortunes on the stage."

Nothing further was said; but next day Lord Cleveden was introduced to Manager Wraxall, and in the evening the young aristocrat speedily succeeded in hearing the magic words which had so great an influence on the rest of the life of both himself and the young actress:

"Lord Cleveden."

"Miss Eveline Greville."

His lordship was delighted, and when Miss Greville was not on the stage he made a most successful effort to please. Ah! he was young, he was very comely, he was a nobleman, and he was reputed to be very rich, and to be so very, very gay. His gentlemanly ease, and his compliment-ary deference, which pleased without at all disconcerting her, his intimacy with fashionable people and the best society of the day, combined to exercise a potent influence upon the imagination of the young Yorkshire star. He was educated and had traveled; he was, in a slovenly fashion, a musician, a linguist and a sportsman; and, above all, he was a refined sensualist. Everybody who has studied the science of affinities knows that in nine cases out of ten the homage of such a "Prince Charming" is irresistible to a vain, ambitious, beautiful young woman, whose face and form, in the popular parlance of Society's matrimonial market, are "a fortune in themselves."

Gerald Noel had been introduced to Lord Cleveden by Miss Greville. The young nobleman's greeting and salutation were characterized by the most condescending courteousness—the most polished politeness; but the actor's bearing was stiff and ungracious, as if he intuitively felt that the handsome lordling were threatening his fondest hopes with Gehenna!

CHAPTER SECOND.—SETTING IN SORROW.

Towards the end of the season Eveline Greville was one of the most successful and vainglorious women that ever trod the London stage. Intoxicated alike by her stage triumphs and by the ardent homage of the young nobleman, she assumed airs of the utmost arrogance towards the manager, as well as to the devoted actor who supported her. There had been several thrilling love-scenes between them since the influence of Cleveden began to be all-potent; but it is only necessary that the reader should be made acquainted with the circumstances of their final parting.

It was the early afternoon of the last night of the season. Gerald Noel called at Eveline's lodgings by her invitation. He had intimated his intention of returning to the practice of his profession, because the woman he loved had been fascinated by the outside graces of a distinguished reprobate. Nothing could be sweeter than the voice in which she spoke to him that afternoon, nothing could be kinder than the manner she assumed. There was even a tear perceptible on her long, dark eyelashes.

"The past is gone forever, John," she said; "and when you instructed me and petted me in the happy old home I never thought we should part. But

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'

Fate has fixed our future lot for us, and you do not need to be told that all is for the best."

"Ellen, you are mad!" he cried. "Do not mock my heart and your own with falsehood. All is not for the best, but for the worst: and the day will come when you will know it. You are dooming yourself to a life of sorrowful regrets—to bitter repentance—to certain humiliation. The character of this wretched minion ——"

"Hold, John Herbert," she cried, starting up with the air of a Pythoness. "Remember, Lord Cleveden is my affianced husband."

And so they parted—the actor to lay aside his stage name and to resume his professional practice in one of the most densely populated districts of London; the actress to lay aside her Thespian laurels for a coronet and a mansion in the West End. And, while Lady Cleveden's heart was big with pride and tumultuous joy, Doctor Herbert brooded in his mean office down Ratcliffe Highway, waiting for his first patient and thinking more wickedness against the scheme of creation than one would care to write down for the price of the united fame of Shelley and Hume, or Swinburne and Paine.

One evening a lady very quietly dressed, and with a veil over her forehead and eyes, was ushered into his office.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he asked in a kindly tone, seeing she hesitated to disclose her errand.

"'Cans't thou minister to a mind diseased?'" asked a voice that was pleasant but wearied, as if forced into cheerfulness. "Ah, Doctor Herbert, I know you cannot; you have been suffering the tortures of the—the—you know whom—these last few weeks."

"Madam, let me remind you that a professional man's time has other demands upon it than a subject like this. You seek charity ——"

"Charity!" she scornfully echoed. "Ah, doctor, you need charity as much as I do—we are both in the same boat."

Hereupon the strange female fell into a severe attack of hysterics. To remove the veil and apply the customary remedies was the work of a few seconds. A pale, classic face was revealed—a face that had been beautiful, but whose features seemed to have been drawn and sharpened by suffering.

"Give me a glass of wine," she said in a faint voice when she recovered.

Doctor Herbert had but one bottle in his possession; but he opened it for his strange visitor.

"Doctor, I want your advice and assistance, but not your *charity*—oh, no! I know how you have suffered, my poor Gerald. I saw it all. You couldn't hide it. You worshiped the woman—would have died for her ——"

The physician was bewildered, and he was angry.

"Bear with me a few minutes," she cried, quickly catching and interpreting the shade lowering on his face; "but I feel wildly—I must think wildly. Oh, that I could clutch that woman by the neck! that I could carve her into slices!"

"This is sheer madness, and this interview must end," said the doctor in a firm tone.

"This is not madness!" almost shrieked the visitor. "What would you give to see Lord Cleveden dead at your feet? You would give worlds! Yet I adore him as you adored Eveline Greville, and he loved me once as you love her now. But *she* came up from the country, *curse her! and he deserted me.*"

"He never loved you—much, that is to say—or he would never have deserted you," said the doctor musingly.

"Ah, there you are measuring his corn by your bushel," as the saying is. "You mean you would never have deserted Eveline Greville. I believe it; yet at one time Cleveden loved me as much as his sordid, sensual nature was capable of loving anyone but her whom he will ever be capable of loving his—*wife*."

"I don't believe that, if you'll excuse me for saying so," said the doctor.

"There is the evidence," said the girl, starting up and thrusting a large envelope into his hand. Before he recovered his surprise she had vanished into the night without.

The large envelope contained a dozen letters in a bold, masculine hand.

"I wonder whether I ought to read them or to seal them up?" he mused. "Seal them up, certainly!" self-respect instantly answered. "Open them and read them!" shouted and yelled the fiends in the depths of the meaner part of his nature.

He closed the shutters, locked the door, and read the letters from end to end. Then he placed them carefully in a bureau and went to bed. Hitherto "tired nature's sweet restorer" had afforded him only boon companionship; mind could feel—a temporary respite from something akin to despair; but this night he never slept a wink. As he paced the floor of his chamber he soliloquized:

"Ellen Midgley, I told you that you were dooming yourself to a life of sorrowful regrets and bitter repentance. In the light of recent knowledge the vaticination possesses all the elements of prophecy."

The following evening Doctor Herbert had another visitor who did not require medical assistance. In a frank, manly way the young man explained that he was a friend and old schoolfellow of Lord Cleveden, that he accompanied the young nobleman to the theatre when he first fell under the actress' fascinations, and that he had unavailingly endeavored to avert the marriage.

With some heat the doctor inquired how this intelligence affected him. In the most conciliatory manner the stranger spoke of Fanny Grimshaw's visit and the letters she had left in the doctor's care.

"This morning she met Cleveden in the street, and told him she had put Nemesis on his track. Fanny has been under his protection three years," said the young man. Burly, looking calmly but carefully at the doctor's face—"you are probably not aware she lived with him so long?—and she naturally feels dreadfully cut-up about him—ah—marrying Miss Greville."

"I do not see how this concerns me," said the doctor coldly.

"I am coming to that. Cleveden is in some respects a weak fellow; and when he is crossed he is apt to drink a little too much. He is now almost crazy, lest in some way these letters should reach Lady Cleveden's hands. Would you mind coming with me to see him? or would you give me the letters? or would you promise to destroy them?"

"I make no promise, sir! And let me remind you that your request is an impertinence. Leave the room, sir!" and the doctor flung the door wide open, and requested the servant, with pointed emphasis, to "show this *gentleman* to the door."

Mr. Bury politely bowed, and left without a word.

"What an infernal fool I am!" said Doctor Herbert, sinking into an easy-chair. "Shall I never grow wiser, and learn to be patient! What an opportunity I have thrown away!"

It was again the early evening when a carriage stopped in front of the doctor's office. The street was alive with population, and the shops had all assumed their peculiarly dingy illumination. There was considerable shuffling and stamping outside the door, which the doctor thereupon opened to behold the husband of Ellen Midgley in a state which I hope will not be very easy for a reader to conceive, and which the present chronicler has not the least intention of attempting to describe. His left eye was closed and swollen and bleeding, and to this disaster Doctor Herbert's kindly attention was first directed. The hired coachman forthwith departed, apparently delighted to have got rid of his "fare."

The doctor and his patient passed a terrible night. Between intermittent fits of delirium the poor wretch raved about "Fanny" and "Eveline," and, as the watcher listened with quickened instincts, he was aware of those demoniac promptings which come under the pressure of strong temptation. All that he had got to do was to leave the man severely alone, and Ellen Midgley would be a widow. But he trampled the unworthy thought beneath his feet, and resumed his beneficent office of healer with vigor and alacrity. Towards morning, under the influence of a narcotic, the patient fell into a sound sleep. Doctor Herbert had just stretched himself on a lounge to snatch a few minutes' repose, when the bell was violently rung. Picture his consternation when the doctor beheld his visitor.

"Ellen! —— I mean Lady Cleveden, you *here*!"

"O John—dear John, tell me this is a base lie! tell me it is false! he is not here! my husband is not here! He cannot be here! This cannot be true!"

The poor young creature was dreadfully excited, and John Herbert's heart bled for her. As gently as possible he informed her that her husband had received a trifling injury, and had been brought to him as the nearest doctor. There was nothing serious the matter with him, and he was now asleep.

"I must see him! I must see him immediately!" she cried, and the doctor led the way to the patient.

"It was too true, then!" she sobbed. "My anonymous informant was no fabricator," and the unhappy woman slowly left the apartment. "There is the note that brought me here," she said when they reached the office. The doctor took it and read as follows:

THREE O'CLOCK, P. M.

LADY CLEVEDEN.—Your husband spent last night in a drunken orgie, because he is afraid of the Nemesis on his track, and because he is a traitor and a moral coward. If you want to find him, go to Ratcliffe Highway. He is with the man to whom you were a traitress.

THE WOMAN YOU WRONGED.

The two severed lovers looked at each other in sad silence.

"O John! what am I to do? What can I do?" she broke out, while the tears coursed down her pallid cheeks.

He had no reply to make; but, as he pondered, the door of the office was thrust open, and a woman's voice said:

"Can I come in, Doctor Herbert? Indeed, I must come in! I must speak to *my lady*!" and before any resistance could be offered she was in the room, critically gazing at Lady Cleveden.

"Madam!" cried the doctor, "this is intolerable. You must instantly leave the room, and you may consider yourself fortunate I do not call in the police."

But Fanny Grimshaw was beyond the sting of his reproach; she had fainted away, and Lady Cleveden was fluttering over her like a ministering angel, opening her corset and bathing her brow. Nervous and agitated, Doctor Herbert hardly knew what he was doing or what step he should take the next; but he hastened the bathing to an end, when a thrilling, despairing shriek arose from the sofa, and the extemporized nurse struggled in the contortions of a fit by the side of the patient. The cause was instantly perceptible. A miniature portrait suspended by a gold chain from the neck of the mistress had been seen by the maid. The shriek announced the discovery in the next room, who, jumping from his bed in an unknown apartment, musty and low, was seized with mortal terror, and rushed into the office with a frenzied look, shouting:

"Murder! murder! They're murdering Fanny! they're murdering Fanny! for God's sake, fly!"

The scene thus suddenly presented to the semi-delirious man—two women stretched pale and writhing, and a man standing almost tearing his hair—seemed to irradiate the waste places of his imagination with a new frenzy. Enraged with a fury beyond the incitements of alcohol—believing, in fact, that the object of his hate and love had plotted and accomplished his utter ruin and that of those whom he had loved—imagining himself in the den and under the spell of the necromancer, he frantically threw himself upon the unresisting young physician. The madman was a muscular athlete, and his grip fell on the throat of the doctor's neckcloth and the bow around its victim. Borne to the floor by the fierceness of the onset, the doctor lay helpless while his furious assailant threatened to cave in his chest with his knees. The prone man thought of his pistol and his surgical knives; but he was sworn foe to the use of any sort of some weapon. Just as his hand came into welcome contact with a large phial which he knew to be sulphuric acid, there was a quick report, and the assassin's grip instantly relaxed. Before the half-choked doctor could regain his feet, there were two more reports, and he recognized Ellen Midgley's voice, crying:

"O God! I'm shot! Help, help! O John, I'm shot!"

"There!" said Fanny Grimshaw, when he seized her pistol and intercepted a third shot directed at the crouching and bleeding woman. "There, take it; my work is finished. I dreamt that I would bring them to meet me in Ratcliffe Highway. Do with me what you like, doctor; I told you we were in the same boat. When she is dead we will be in the same boat again. He's dead enough, anyhow. I told him Nemesis was at his heels, and the base coward took to drink. But I loved him—loved him, oh, nobody knows how I loved him!" and she stooped down and wiped the blood from the lips of Cleveden's corse and kissed them twice. "Now, doctor, do with me what you like. My little Charley is avenged. Lay his poor mother beside him under the laurel-tree in Victoria Park Cemetery as soon as you like."

Lady Cleveden was severely but not fatally wounded in the cheek and the neck; but her husband had died instantly, for the shot had been fired so close to the temple that the skin was blackened and scorched with the discharge.

Fanny Grimshaw was placed in a lunatic asylum, and when the once-beautiful actress recovered she poignantly realised the utter misery and hopelessness into which she had been plunged. Nothing remained to her of her ephemeral elevation except the empty title and the two hideous scars that effectually blighted her beauty. It was necessary to work for her living, and in the course of time, through the influence of Doctor Herbert, she obtained a position of undermatron in a female asylum. Among the many unfortunate patients there was one in whom Matron Midgley manifested the tenderest interest. She was a woman, faded and worn, who had once been beautiful, and the poor demented creature was in the daily habit of making a baby of her bedclothes, and nursing and tending and teaching it all day. And every afternoon she would say:

"Now, baby, you really must go down and play on the carpet till mamma writes her letter to pa, or else ti will not be a sweet, nice, pretty letter; and then baby's pa will not be pleased, and kiss mamma's letter, he won't."

And then the baby was placed on the floor and the woman took a miniature picture-locket from her bosom and kissed it; and took also from her bosom the tattered fragments of a letter in bold handwriting and read it, and the dewey-eyed matron could decipher the beginning, and see that it had been dated from Paris on the very day when she opened as Pauline Deschapelles in London, and that it began: "My own dearest, darling Fannie!"

One morning the undermatron found the poor sufferer in bed, instead of busying herself with the make-believe baby. The kindly hand that touched the pale forehead was suddenly withdrawn, for the contact bore the icy chill of death. Fanny Grimshaw was gone where deceitful lovers cease to betray, and where the foolish and the wise alike are at rest.

Several years afterwards, Doctor Herbert attended the last illness of Matron Midgley, and, when her spirit fled, he stooped and kissed the lips of his first and only love. After the funeral the new matron placed a miniature portrait in the doctor's hand, saying:

"I thought it a pity to bury it—it was so pretty."

It was the portrait of Lord Cleveden, which had belonged to Fanny Grimshaw.

"Aye!" said the doctor, putting on his spectacles. "I knew the fascinating scamp! Would that my Ellen had never seen him! Would that we had never left the stage! As I said then, I say now, in the light of experience: It was all for the worst—it was all for the worst!"

SWEETEST DREAMS—A SERENADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The stars in heaven are lit, my love;
The moon shines on the sea;
Your flowers and you have gone to sleep—
Oh, dream, I pray, of me!
Dream that I love you, dearest one,
For I swear I do!
And the sweetest dreams *I* ever dream
Are those I dream of you!

I care not though the stars are lit,
Or moon shines on the sea;
What are the stars, what is the moon,
What are they all to me,
If you but dream that you me love?
Ah! would to Heaven 'twere true!
For the sweetest dreams *I* ever dream
Are those I dream of you! J. H. B.

ALFRED TENNYSON,
Poet Laureate of England.

VICTOR HUGO,
French Lyrical Poet and Dramatist.

"THE WOODBINE."

A LANDMARK OF "THE VILLAGE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. THOMAS PICTON.

This present year of grace appears destined to sweep away from Manhattan Island some of the most notable places of public resort—specialties in their particular line long held in reverence by the older heads of the passing generation, veritable landmarks of former sociability and of friendly communion, dear to the memories of time-honored Gothamites viewing with unfeigned regret the ungracious but still inevitable demolition of structures beneath whose hospitable roofs they have imbibed the wine-cup to congenial souls in the days of auld-lang-syne. Scarce has "The Gotham," venerable monument of hilarity on the East-side, been sacrilegiously leveled to its mother-earth, than the stern decree of Fate has gone forth, dooming "The Woodbine," an equally famous hostelry of the days of yore on the West-side, to a marked change. Much as local antiquarians may deplore annihilation or alteration of these primitive edifices, it is excusable, inasmuch as, having outlived their generation and its characteristic diversions, the humble abodes of fraternity and of good-cheer should anticipate a crushing doom of existence beneath the wheels of a utilitarian Juggernaut.

"The Woodbine" has flourished as a house of public entertainment for a full half century—at first a quiet suburban resort, and subsequently, as the tendrils of the municipal octopus drew it towards a centre of civic improvements, it became noted as a temporary sojourning place for the wits, notables and sporting gentry resident among the suburbs of the West-side. But a short month ago it existed as the last survivor of those curious and well-known public-houses patronized by that equally curious class of our fellow-citizens unpunctually adhering to the habits, manners and customs of their immediate progenitors, inhabiting a distinctive section of the city designated on the municipal map as the Ninth Ward, but by its denizens habitually termed "The Village."

Military Hall, on Sixth avenue, a favorite rendezvous for the mounted troopers of a thirty years ago, who failed not upon every training-day to gather in force beneath the shadow of the national standard floating from a liberty-pole of prodigious height, surrounded by the now obsolete Phrygian cap, did not long survive the demise of its proprietor, the veteran Colonel Storms, commandant of the regiment of horse artillery which, after escorting Lafayette, upon his second visit to America, to the Connecticut line, fired a parting salute to the nation's guest upon his taking leave of New York's hospitable soil.

The Northern Exchange, a somewhat imposing structure of bright-red brick, recognized as the only hotel worthy of a commercial wayfarer's patronage beyond the then city limits—afterwards called "The Bleecker-street House," to propitiate the prejudices of the original Whig party, whose leadership in this region had been assumed by its then wealthy resident, Peter G. Stuyvesant, and still later under the management of Bill Poole—passed out of existence prior to the latter's assassination. Kentucky Hall, improvised from a stately mansion in Perry street, once the residence of a mercantile magnate, flourished in plenitude of vigor while occupied by the rotund ex-Alderman Isaac B. Smith, but withered and died towards the close of that genial publican's praiseworthy career. Finally "The Adriatic," corner of Hudson and Barrow streets, headquarters of the sporting-men of that ilk, instituted a quarter of a century ago by the enterprising Jim Crow Club, a knot of tripe and turtle eaters, intimate friends of "Daddy," as Rice was fraternally designated, and instituted to commemorate the brilliant triumph of that Ethiopian actor upon his first appearance in London, as well as his marriage in that metropolis to the daughter of an English manager, which chanced, singularly enough, to happen without concerted arrangement on the same day Forrest became a Benedict in the same city. Rice's popularity as a man survived his decadence as an actor, although he rarely appeared in his latter days at "The Woodbine," and then in company with a comedian of the old National company, under the elder Wallack's management, named Blakeney, who for some time kept "The Fountain," in Walker street, not far from the Bowery, but retired to the shades of private life in a neat residence on Greenwich avenue. Oftentimes another distinguished actor, invariably accompanied by his faithful Achates, would put in an appearance; for Tom Placide and Eldridge G. Paige, better known as "Dow Jr.," were inseparable friends, and designated on the road as the Siamese Twins, as Paige was the only editor in town, save William T. Porter, owning a fast horse, and Tom was his riding companion.

One of the features of "The Woodbine" was its large and presumptively valuable collection of paintings, among which were one claimed to be an original of Stuart's Washington, and two by Hogarth, for which Haywood is reputed to have paid the round sum of one thousand dollars each. The authenticity of these works was disputed, although it is admitted that "the great painter of mankind," as David Garrick termed his artistic friend, did execute some paintings for Vauxhall Gardens, London, which mysteriously disappeared. As a matter of course, artists could be numbered among the frequenters of "The Woodbine," notably the sculptor James Varick Stout, an eccentric but gifted man, who was modeling a statue of Queen Victoria, and one of Fanny Elssler, in a little frame-house in Fourteenth street, near by, and generally came with the portrait-painter Jacob D. Blondell, recently found dead in his studio upon Broadway—of starvation, it is said. There would drop in Henry Inman, an incomparable artist, whose portraits were admitted, when he was in England, to excel those executed by Royal Academicians, and who strolled up into the Village to visit Uncle Dick Fosdick, his fishing comrade, a worthy gentleman personally acquainted with all the leading actors, artists and sportsmen of the metropolis. And likewise came Charley Elliott, Inman's lineal successor, undeniably the most talented portrait-painter and brilliant colorist America has ever produced, and others who, like the house itself virtually, have "gone where the woodbine twineth."

ELEPHANT WATTS BROWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A one-armed flagman at the Lowell passenger-station in Nashua, New Hampshire, is the last person one would pick out as the best-posted man in all the important events connected with the circus. Even when the veteran Fred Keeler introduced us to Watts Brown we failed, for the time, to appreciate the compliment. When inducted into the mysteries of his room, the compliments which had been paid this singular man were found to be just. Lithographs, finely framed, from the first one ever issued up to the present day, are hung upon the walls. Scattered about are ornaments of elephants and animals. Three large trunks, made by the owner, all bearing evidence of fine workmanship, contain pictures of elephants, lithographs, programmes and complimentary tickets, some over thirty years old. The old gentleman did not require much questioning after he got started, and we briefly give some of his experience:

"How did I get such a taste for such things? Well, I guess as how it was born in me. I always liked animals, even when a baby, and I have not yet forgot the first show I ever saw in Woodburn, Mass., my native place, in June, 1827. They had two elephants, Romeo and Juliet. Somehow the stake they were tied to was left. The next day was Sunday, and I worked at that stake till I got it out. I was only seven years old, and it was a hard job, especially as I felt someone might claim it. I have got that stake yet. Since that time I have been to every circus and menagerie I could get to. I went eighty-four nights in Boston to see Joe Pentangle's at the Howard Athenæum. One year before I went sixty-seven nights to the same show, and that was as many nights as they played. The elephant is my favorite, of all animals. Here is a lantern I use daytimes. I paid $14 for it. Here you see an engraving of Hannibal and Romeo, flanked by lions, giraffes and tigers. This one contains the name of eight elephants, and I use it at night. It was just six years ago to-day that old Romeo died in Chicago, at five minutes past eleven. I keep all the dates of their landing and death in my mind, and when I want to find out I write to THE CLIPPER—for I always take it—and get an answer from the editor. I used to have quite a menagerie of coons, wild cats, owls and all that. Then I got a black bear when it was six months old and brought it up. It grew nicely, and got to weigh five hundred pounds. It used to be playful and throw me, but it never hurt me. Some of my friends thought it would kill me, and so they killed him. I thought so much of him that if my brother had died I could not have felt worse. The boys all know me, and are very kind, but they can never get me into a show unless they let me pay. I keep their tickets and look them over Sundays, and think how good they are. That is a picture Hyatt Frost sent me. That is a picture of Barnum's old advertising-car that was wrecked at Des Moines on August 29, last year. Barnum has got a new one now that is the finest I ever saw. Which show is the best? Well, they are all good for my liking. But if I was to run a show, I should like Barnum's, with Barnum's name and all the experience of Van Amburgh and Driesbach among animals."

Here the old man jumped out of the house, and waved the signal-flag with his one arm.

ALFRED TENNYSON,

the poet-laureate of England, was born in Somerby Parsonage, Lincolnshire, in 1809 or 1810, authorities differing upon the subject. He was the third of eleven or twelve children of Dr. George Clayton Tennyson. He was educated in Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1829 he received the chancellor's medal for an English poem of two hundred and fifty lines in blank verse, entitled "Timbuctoo." About the same time, with his brother Charles, he published privately a volume of "Poems by Two Brothers." The first volume bearing the name of Alfred Tennyson was "Poem Chiefly Lyrical," published in 1830, while he was still an undergraduate. It made but little impression and received slight favor from the critics. His second volume, published three years later, contained several poems from his first, carefully retouched and improved. Among the new pieces were "The May Queen" and "The Lotos-eaters." The book was severely noticed by the critics, and for nearly ten years after he remained silent. His third series, in two volumes, was issued in 1842, and from that time his pre-eminence among contemporary English poets began to be acknowledged. Among these poems were "Dora" and "Lady Clara Vere De Vere," both of which in dramatic form attained success upon the stage. In 1847 "The Princess: A Medley," appeared; and in 1850 "In Memoriam," which was first published anonymously. He was appointed to the office of poet-laureate after the death of Wordsworth, and his next publication was "Maud and Other Poems" in 1855. "Idyls of the King" appeared in 1859. His only dramatic work was "Queen Mary," which, however, failed to achieve the success anticipated. He lived a somewhat recluse life for many years in or near London; but since his marriage he has lived in Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. He receives from the English Government, in addition to his salary as laureate, a pension of £200. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D. C. L. He is of dark complexion, and of imposing stature and appearance.

MARIE VICTOR HUGO,

the French poet, novelist and dramatist, was born in Besancon Feb. 26, 1802. Being the son of a military officer, whose duties called him out of France, he was carried in childhood to Italy, Corsica, Switzerland and Italy, and in 1809 was taken to Paris. There for two years he pursued his studies under the care of his mother and an old priest. In 1811, his father having been made general and appointed major-domo of Joseph Bonaparte, the new King of Spain, Victor went to Madrid, where he entered the seminary of nobles with the view of becoming a page at the royal court—a design, however, which subsequent events defeated. On the fall of the empire, family difficulties embittered by opposite political feelings caused a separation between his father and mother, and henceforth young Hugo remained entirely under the control of the first-named. In 1815 he evinced such a strong inclination towards poetry that his father consented to his following literature as a vocation. In 1817 he presented to the French Academy a poem on "The Advantages of Study," and afterwards won three prizes in succession at the Toulouse Academy of floral games. His first volume of "Odes and Ballads," published in 1822, created a sensation. In 1826, in company with six others distinguished respectively in literature, painting and sculpture, he formed a literary association called the Cenacle, at the meetings of which new literary and artistic doctrines were debated. In 1827 the drama of "Cromwell" was placed before the public. It was unsuitable for the stage, but its preface, which was, in fact, a treatise on æsthetics, attracted much attention. It had been put forward as a specimen of the literary reforms aimed at by the new school, and thenceforth Victor Hugo was the acknowledged leader of the romanticists, who waged earnest war against their opponents, the classicists. His claims to this distinction were strengthened in 1828 by the publication of "Les Orientales," a performance unrivaled in point of artistic brilliancy. The contest between these two opposite schools reached its climax when, on Feb. 26, 1830, "Hernani" was produced at the Theatre Francaise. From this time the literary reformers triumphed in every encounter. In 1831, possibly the brightest year in the literary life of Victor Hugo, he won another dramatic triumph with "Marion Delorme." His subsequent dramatic and literary productions were received with enthusiasm. "Lucretia Borgia" and "Mary Tudor" were produced in 1833, "Angelo the Tyrant of Padua" in 1835, "Ruy Blas" in 1838, and "Les Burgraves" in 1843, all of which drew forth marked approbation. He became a member of the French Academy in 1841, and, having reached the highest distinction in literature, he indulged in political aspirations, which were partially gratified by his being in 1845 created by King Louis Phillippe a peer of France. He was subsequently elected a deputy to the constituent assembly during the revolution in 1848, and in the *coup d'etat* of 1851 his conduct led to his proscription, and he took refuge in the island of Jersey, Eng.; later, owing to his hostile manifestations, he was compelled to remove to Guernsey. In 1859 he refused to accept the amnesty offered to political exiles. After the fall of Napoleon III he returned to Paris, and is now a member of the Chamber of Deputies and of the French Academy.

DOT SUNFLOWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

We meandered in
der bier-garten—
Der shbarrows
dem singed in
der dree—
My love she blucked
a sunflower
Und gife dot all to
me;
I kissed dot shweed
sunflower,
Dear love, dot you
gifed to me,
Und dot shweed day
in der bier-gar-
ten
I gifed my heart
to dee.

Fife days in a dum-
pler of vater
I shetched my
flower mit bride,
Und vadched und
vadched by der
hour
Dem seeds a-oben-
ing vide:
Bymeby 'd was a big
sunflower—
How often I'fe
dunk dot ober!
Den I put dot
avay bedween
der leaves
Of a book midout
any cover.

Fife years dot maiden did held my heart
In dot dumpler of her own,
Dill der beediful bud of bassion had grown
Such a nice sundower, full plown;
She smifled ids dander fragrance,
Und den, ah, voe der day!
She broke der dumpler of her heart,
Und flinged my flower avay.

In a leedle olt book I was reading laad nighd,
A-drying my voes to forget,
I durned a leaf over, und dere peheld
My sunflower, my pet;
Dot shboke bound der baad, of dot Summer day,
Der bier-garten vere dot grew;
Und I sighoned und gried o'er my flower dot died,
Und my heart dot vos died too.

Boston, Mass., June, 1878. COPPY COOPY.

HOW THE DOCTOR WON HIS BET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY BARRY CROTON.

"An' talkin' about horses," said the Doctor—we had not been talking about horses at all, but that was the Doctor's way of introducing any new subject—"maybe you never heard of that trotting-match what came off at Flatland Holler?"

"No," said I. "What about it?"

"Well, you see," replied the Doctor, relieving his mouth of its overcharge of tobacco-juice—"you see, I was down at Flatland Holler, where some fellows got up a race and offered a purse of fifty dollars to the animal what won. Knowin' as how there wasn't much speed in that section of the country, I concluded that I'd enter a nag of my own. He was a big, raw-boned animal, with only one eye, and nowise beautiful to look at; but he was a pretty good traveler, nevertheless. I got hold of him for sixty dollars, and discovered that I'd made a big bargain without knowin' it. After I had got him into trainin' I found he could do his mile in three minutes without a skip. That was fast enough for anything they had in the region of Flatland Holler, so I entered him for the fifty-dollar purse. The only thing about the nag what was at all handsome was his tail. He had as fine a tail as you ever seen on any horse—long, full, and smooth as silk. All the rest of him looked common enough, but his tail was blooded. I'm particular about this, you see, because on this nag's tail hangs my yarn."

"Hangs your yarn, eh?" I interrupted.

"Then, don't you do that again, now," said the Doctor, looking at me reproachfully. "As I was sayin', I entered Reliable—that's what I called my nag—for the race, and I found that there was two other animals goin' to trot against him. I guess all the people there was in Flatland Holler was goin' to the track that day to see the trot. Before the horses was brought out at all, the bettin'—they didn't have no laws prohibitin' poolselling down there, you know—the bettin' was all in favor of a white mare which was well known in the neighborhood. A sorrel gelding was the second choice, while Reliable didn't have any backers at all. This, mind you, was before the animals had come onto the track. As soon as the first heat had been trotted, I knew that my nag was good for the purse. He took the first heat without any urgin' at all. 'Twas the same as a walk-over for him. Seein' this, I thought I would make a respectable stake, and back Reliable to the extent of a hundred or so. But when I went up to the pool-stand I found that everybody was wantin' to bet on my nag. I couldn't find anybody to put up a dollar against him. Bein' a stranger in the place, there wasn't anybody

NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

J. K. M.—Send us a postal card with your address on it, and we will mail you a copy of the CLIPPER containing the information you desire.

BRICK.—Yes, the Athletics of Philadelphia defeated the Chicagos at Philadelphia on Oct. 19, 1876, by a score of 8 to 7.

H. P. Fort Edward.—It was not a fair game, as the Boniface nine had only seven players in the field.

A SUBSCRIBER, Canton.—A base ball is 9 inches in circumference.

A. B. C.—Consult the Directory.

W. H. Ryan.—The Detroit Athletic Club defeated the Cleveland Athletic Club in 1877 by a score of 8 to 7.

C. F. Cobourg.—The Cleveland nines were not the champions of the League in 1876.

H. W. Rondout.—You can obtain the Spalding League ball at 108 Nassau street, this city.

W. H. L. Roseville.—The ring may be entered by any person who is not under the age of 18 years.

P. M. M. Philadelphia.—The Bellay Family did not constitute a gymnastic troupe.

A SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—We cannot state positively what the receipts of the Centennial Regatta will be, but we should judge that they will be quite large.

DICK GAXTON.—Chas. R. Courter was the amateur champion sculler of the Centennial Regatta in 1876, but he was defeated by Ten Eyck, Jr., in the professional race.

J. S. Fayette Point, Ind.—John B. Burnett is traveling in your section with his wife and baby.

DOCTOR.—Consult a Directory.

O. K. Louisville.—Cannot say; that is a matter which you must settle with the parties themselves.

READER, Albion.—Yes, the Athletics of Philadelphia defeated the Chicagos at Philadelphia on Oct. 19, 1876, by a score of 8 to 7.

HENRY HALL, Brooklyn.—I do not recall a backward jumping. Consult a Directory.

MIKE LOCKWOOD, Somerville.—Get "Practical Training."

RICHMOND, Fort Chester.—I can make both balls as you describe, but cannot say which is the better.

A SUBSCRIBER, Canton.—A base ball is 9 inches in circumference.

A. B. C.—Consult the Directory.

W. H. Ryan.—The Detroit nine lay over one day in Cleveland, on their return trip to Detroit, from their game with the Cleveland Athletic Club.

J. K. M

ROCHESTER vs. FOREST CITY.

These clubs played a third game at Cleveland, O., June 17, the visitors again winning.

ROCHESTER.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	FOREST CITY.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Caskins, s. s.	1	1	1	0	3	Gross, c.	0	0	6	2	3
Jennis, 2d b.	1	1	4	2	1	Eden, r. f.	1	1	0	1	1
Tobin, 1st b.	0	1	6	1	1	Phillips, 1st b.	0	2	16	1	0
Hanlon, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	1	Riley, c. f.	0	0	0	2	0
Thomas, c.	0	1	12	0	0	Luff, l. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Glenn, l. f.	1	1	1	1	0	Glassock, 3d b.	0	1	1	5	4
Tipper, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Strief, 2d b.	0	1	2	3	0
Burkslow, p.	0	0	0	2	0	Cummings, s. s.	0	0	2	7	0
Kennedy, c.	0	2	2	7	0	Salisbury, p.	0	0	0	7	2
Totals.	3	6	27	13	6	Totals.	1	5	27	24	11

Rochester	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1
Forest City	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

WITOKA vs. FRIENDSHIP.

On Saturday, June 15, the reorganized nine of the co-operative professional Witoka Club of Brooklyn attracted general attention to the playing strength of their team by their display of skill in the fourteen-inning game with the Jersey City nine. Ordinary tact and judgment in the management of the nine would have led them to follow up this advantage by getting their nine into proper training to meet some of the strong teams of the International clubs, and thereby bring some funds to their club treasury. Instead, however, they arranged a series of games hastily, without being assured that their full nine would turn out, and the first result from such a blunder was their narrow escape from a defeat on June 17 at the hands of the second nine of the rival Flyaway Club, known as the Friendship nine, which, on this occasion, was captained by Marty Malone of the first nine of the Flyaway, the Friendship team actually closing the first part of the ninth inning of the game with a score of 12 to 11 against the Witokas. If a co-operative nine go into the field as a business nine, they should do their work in a business way, or they will find their time and hard labor thrown away. The Witokas now have an opportunity of getting a reputation which will be excellent capital for them as a co-operative team; but they will have to pay attention to their work to profit by it, and not act as they did on this occasion. The following is the score:

Friendship	0	2	1	1	3	0	1	0	4—12
Witoka	0	1	1	1	3	2	1	2	0—11

First base by errors—Friendship, 6; Witoka, 8. Umpire, Mr. Temple of the Concord Club. Time, 2h. 25m.

A CARD.—NEW BEDFORD, MASS., June 21, 1877.—ED. CLIPPER: An erroneous report, started by parties wishing to steal our players, is being circulated throughout the country that the New Bedfords are financially ruined, and are about to disband, etc. I would respectfully interm managers who are deranged because their nines are a failure that they must look elsewhere for pitchers, catchers, etc., as the New Bedfords are drawing as large crowds as any other international club in New England, are on as solid a financial foundation as any club in the country; all reports to the contrary are base fabrications, started to injure us because we were not accommodating enough to release our pitcher and catcher to brace up two nines struggling in the mire. The Bostons, Lowells and Indianapolis have played here the past week, and I most respectfully refer to the managers of said clubs to vouch for my statement of the patronage here. They all return in September, and all other first-class clubs are cordially invited to send for dates, and they will receive prompt attention from yours very respectfully, C. BANCROFT,
Manager New Bedfords.

JERSEY CITY vs. ORANGE.—The Jersey City Club visited Orange, N. J., June 20, and defeated the strong nine of the Orange Club at that place by a score of 21 to 13. The Jersey City Club played a strong, uphill game. A remarkably lively ball was used, and that, with the miserable condition of the grounds, accounts for the large score. Fielding was entirely chance-work, and the game was simply a contest of batters. The Jersey City nine had no difficulty in batting Rule for fourteen base-hits, and their batting alone won the game.

Orange	4	3	0	3	5	0	0	0	0—13
Jersey City	1	3	0	0	2	0	3	5	2—21

Umpire, Mr. Freeman of Resolutes. Time, 3h.

COLUMBIA vs. IMPROMPTU.—The Columbia College Law School nine played a game with an impromptu team on June 19 at Prospect Park, and won by the appended score:

College	2	2	2	2	9	4	4	0	—25
Impromptu	2	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	—10

Umpire, Mr. Clark.

BOWDOIN vs. COLBY.—The nines of Bowdoin and Colby Colleges played at Brunswick, Me., June 22, with this result:

Bowdoin	1	2	1	2	0	1	2	3	0—12
Colby	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	1—4

THE FLYAWAY AND WITOKA CLUBS are notified of letters for them now in our care.

CRICKET.

MANHATTAN vs. ALLCOMERS.

Over a month ago we suggested to the Manhattan Club to get up a match between their first eleven and a team made up of "allcomers," in order to practice their eleven together as a team, preparatory to meeting the strong elevens of the St. George and Staten Island Clubs. The suggestion was at once acted upon and the match arranged, the Manhattans received at the hands of the St. George Club, when the former placed an eleven in the field which had not met together even once for practice. Wednesday, June 19, was the day appointed for a match between the Manhattan eleven and an "Allcomers" team of fifteen. As the former had to play the Staten Island Club team on the following day, it was the wish of the club committee to arrange just such a practice match; but how was the call responded to by the first eleven? The time appointed for the one-inning match to commence was 11 A. M., there were but four of the regular members of the Manhattan Club on the ground ready to play, viz., Messrs. Jenkins, Jackson and Rogan. If the Manhattans mean to play the game only for exercise, exercise, then this kind of thing is not out of the way; but it they mean business, and intend going in earnestly as rival competitors for the cricket supremacy of the metropolis, then they will have to change their practice very materially.

At the hour when but three first-eleven men of the Manhattan club were present to meet the fifteen "allcomers," there was exactly one outsider present to represent the "Allcomers" eleven. Had the latter been present, there would have been no eleven to meet them except a substitute from the ranks of the club; but, as it happened, there were no players of the outside team to give the club a game if they had been there. After waiting until nearly five o'clock, sides were chosen, and a one-inning game played, with the appended result, two of the first eleven men arriving on the field after six o'clock.

ELEVEN.		ALLCOMERS.	
Jenkins, b. Jackson	7	Chadwick b. Rogan	0
Rogan b. Jackson	2	Makin, not out	9
Tyler b. "Williams"	0	Jackson b. Scott	8
Lane b. "Williams"	0	Hoelscher, run out	0
Scott b. Jackson	0	Ames b. Rogan	0
Chippendale, run out	0	McKenzie, run out	1
H. Tucker b. Jackson	9	Law b. Rogan	1
Smith b. Rogan	0	White b. Rogan	0
Tiley, not out	0	"Williams" b. Rogan	7
Hosford, run out	0	Dr. Drayton, run out	0
Wides	2	Byes, 6; l. b., 4; wide, 1	11
Total	38	Total	37

FALL OF WICKETS.

Eleven	1	2	3	8	11	14	19	29	38	—38
Allcomers	15	17	18	21	21	22	22	30	37	—37

Umpires, Messrs. White and North.

THE AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND.

The London Field, in commenting on the play of the Australians in England, says: "Since their first match in England—which, in fact, was practically their first appearance in preliminary encounter—he Australians have carried all before them. Great as their reputation had been in the colony, few were prepared for such exploits as those achieved by them in defeating Yorkshire and Surrey on the top of the reel. The contest with the southern county, which formed the principal feature in the cricket programme of the past week, had been looked forward to with considerable interest. Our visitors must indeed have been gratified by the fact that their match commanded more attention, perhaps, than any other that has been played on the Oval, the aggregate number of spectators on the two days having been computed at quite 28,000. Most of those present were especially charmed by the superb fielding of their brothers from the Antipodes, and the principal achievement by Mr. Spofforth both at Lord's and Huddersfield caused him to be the object of particular notice. This gentleman possesses the gift of varying his pace without stiffness in the slightest in his delivery to acquaint the batsman of the fact. With the effective bowling of the visitors Mr. Shooter and Pooley were the only batsmen on the home side who seemed at all able to cope successfully. C. Bannerman, who is regarded as the best bat of the team, displayed better form than he has done hitherto. High praise must also be accorded to Surrey for the excellent manner in which they exerted themselves in the field; and it is but fair to say that, had the weather remained throughout as on the first day, the finish would most probably have been more exciting. Barratt's bowling, Pooley's wicket keeping and the fielding of Shrewsbury and Sherman were especially noticeable. It may, perhaps, be interesting to know that in all 312 overs were bowled, 375 runs scored, and that nine hours and thirty-eight minutes' actual play was witnessed."

ST. GEORGE vs. BOSTON.

The match at Boston between the St. George Club and the Longwoods of Boston June 22 was stopped by rain after the Georgians had had their innings. The feature of the game as played was Mr. Marsh's fine inning of 75, not out.

St. GEORGE.			
Moore c. Hubbard	b. Jones	12	Holman b. Tyler
Bance, run out		10	Kimball b. Phillips
Giles c. Jones	b. Hubbard	22	Ketchum c. Dutton b. Phillips
Tyler b. Jones		4	Jones c. Phillips b. Tyler
Marsh, not out		75	B, 5; l. b., 1; w., 20
Moeran	b. Phillips	8	
Mostyn b. Phillips		2	Total
Talbot	b. w. b. Jones	2	

LONGWOOD.			
First Inning.			
Holman	b. Tyler	0	
Kimball	b. Phillips	0	
Ketchum	c. Dutton b. Phillips	0	
Jones	c. Phillips b. Tyler	0	
Hubbard	b. Tyler	0	
Tyler	not out	0	
Phillips	not out	0	
Dutton	did not bat		
Total		0	

A CRICKET-MATCH was played by the Onondaguas and Rochesters, at Rochester, N. Y., June 18, the former winning by a score of 100 to 88.

THE TURF.

RACING AT ASCOT, ENG.

The Ascot meeting began on June 18, when the Gold Vase was won by Count F. De Lagrange's Insulaire, Lord Falmouth's Lady Golightly second, the Prince of Wales' Stakes by J. H. Houldsworth's Glengarry, by Scottish Chief, Lord Falmouth's Childeric third, and the Coventry Stakes by Mr. Crawford's Sefton; Lord Ellesmere's Dunlop, by Monarque, Rosy Cross third, W. S. Crawford's Avoutes, who was the favorite, not getting a place. Betting: 14 to 1 against Insulaire, 25 to 1 against Glengarry, and 10 to 1 against Rosy Cross. The winner ran twice before this season, coming in fifth for the City and Suburban, and landing fourth for the Rosebery Stakes. The Ascot Derby Stakes had only three starters, and was won by Count F. De Lagrange's Insulaire, Lord Rosebery's Con Cregan second, and Lord Falmouth's Jannette third. Insulaire, who won in a canter, was the French Derby, and was second in the race for the Epsom Derby, Two Thousand Guineas, and Grand Prize of Paris this year. Betting: 6 to 4 on both Insulaire and Jannette (winner of the Oaks), and 33 to 1 against Con Cregan. The Corporation Stakes had eleven starters, and was won by Lord Falmouth's Red Wing, Duke of Westminster's Strathfieldsaye second, Lord Bradford's Blue Ridge third, and Baron A. De Rothschild's Brie making a dead heat for third place. The winner won five races out of six in which she started last year, among them the Hurstbourne Stakes, of £1,350, at Newmarket, where she was beaten by Pilgrimage in the Post Sweepstakes, being the last race in which she ran as a two-year-old. Her only previous race this year was for the Riddall Stakes, at the Lincoln market, won by Pontoise.....On the third day, June 20, the Gold Cup, value 1,000 sovereigns, 20 sovs. each, all ages, four starters, was won by Count De Lagrange's Verneuil, Lord Falmouth's Silvio second, Mr. Houldsworth's Silvio, 122lbs. second, Count De Lagrange's St. Christophe, 122lb. third; Lord Ellesmere's Hampton, 131lb. fourth. Won easily by six lengths. The betting was 7 to 4 against Silvio, 5 to 1 against Hampton, 6 to 1 each against St. Christophe and Verneuil. The latter was the fourth French bred horse who has carried off the cup, as he was the first of foreign birth to carry off the Gold Vase at this meeting on the 19th. He has a number of engagements on hand. The St. James Palace Stakes, for three-year-olds, also had four starters, of whom R. Peck's Bonnie Scotland proved the winner, W. S. Crawford's Red Archer being second, and Lord Falmouth's Childeric third. Betting: 6 to 1 against Bonnie Scotland, 11 to 2 against Red Archer, and 8 to 4 on Childeric. The winner is by Thormanby out of Flora M'Ivor, and is said to have been purchased by Lord Rosebery for the sum of £8,000, with £4,000 additional in case of victory and further conditions. The Rous Memorial Stakes, Rowley, each, 1,000sovs, added, was won by Lord Lonsdale's Petrarch, Duke of Westminster's Dalham second, and Lord Rosebery's Touchet third.

On the fourth and last day, 21st, the Alexander Plate of 1,000 sovereigns, added to a sweepstakes of 25sovs. each, for four-year-olds and upward, had four runners, and was won by Verneuil (his third victory at this meeting), St. Christophe second, T. Jennings' Queen of Cyprus third, and R. Jardine's Hilarious fourth. The winner led from the start, coming in two lengths ahead. The Ascot Plate of 300 sovereigns, for three-year-olds and upward, had eight starters, and was won by Lord Durham's Glendale, by Blair Athol, J. H. Houldsworth's Glorat second, and Duke of Westminster's Dalham third. Betting: 100 to 15 against Glendale, 9 to 2 against Glorat, and 5 to 2 against Dalham.

THE GRAND PRIZE OF PARIS was run for at Longchamps June 16, and was won by Prince Soltykoff's Thurio, by Thormanby or Cremorne out of Verona, Insulaire second, and Jural third. It was won by a head in 3m. 22s.; a like distance between second and third. The betting on each of the eight starters immediately before the race was as follows, they being named in the order in which they passed the winning-post: 5 to 1 against Thurio, 7 to 4 against Insulaire, 25 to 1 against Jural, 25 to 1 against Clementine, 6 to 1 against Boulsuf, 5 to 1 against Chobert, 20 to 1 against Stathouder, and 20 to 1 against Le Geant. The value of the stakes was $28,670.

ATHLETIC.

PRINCETON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

After the gymnastic exercises (which, by-the-bye, reflected much credit upon Prof. Goldie and his pupils) had been concluded at Princeton University on Monday, June 17, the annual games of the Princeton Athletic Association were in order. Considered as a whole, the competitions were interesting and creditable, while two or three of the performances were more than that. From the return which follows it will be noted that A. C. Hunt is credited with doing the hundred yards in 9 4-5s., which time is correct; but the fact that there is a fall of about three feet in the track there must be taken into consideration, thus making a difference of about three-fifths or three-quarters of a second from level ground. In the runs' wide-jump Hunt's achievement is worthy of more than a passing notice also, he clearing 19ft. 9in. at the second trial, and doing 20 feet at the third. H. Stevenson did 19ft. 6in. for second place. A. Brown (whose name did not appear on the programme), was also timed as doing the hurdle in 18 1-5sec., but the distance was 110yds. instead of the usual 120. The hammer-throwing of Larkin (weight of missile was 14lb.) was good, though not equal to his cast on the 16th, he also falling below his previous performance of putting the 16lb. shot. The one-mile run was notable for its slowness, the competitors seemingly waiting upon one another. The results of the various competitions appear below:

Three-yard jumps—F. Larkin, 32ft. 4in.; J. P. Withington, 31ft. 6in.; F. R. Hallen, 29ft. 4in.

Half-mile run—J. Stewart, 1; M. S. Patton, 2. Won by 1 4-5sec. Time, 2m. 9 1-5sec.

Putting the shot, 16lb.—F. Larkin, 33ft. 8in.; C. Dodge, 33ft. 11½in.

Hundred yards dash—A. C. Hunt, 1; L. P. Smock, 2. Won by one-fifth of a second. Time, 9 4-5sec.

Pole jumping—F. Larkin, 7ft. 10in.; J. P. Withington, 7ft. 8in.

One-mile run—A. Phraner, 1; J. M. Woodbury, 2. Time, 5m. 59s.

Throwing the hammer, 14lb.—F. Larkin, 101ft. 4in.; C. Dodge, 96ft. 5in.

Quarter-mile run—J. Stewart, 1; J. P. Lanier, 2. Time, 59 2-5sec.

Running wide jump—A. C. Hunt, 20ft.; H. Stevenson, 19ft. 6in.

Running high jump—J. P. Withington, 5ft.; A. C. Hunt, 4ft. 11in.

Hurdle race, 110yds.—A. Brown, 1; C. Dodge, 2. Won by one and four-fifth seconds. Time, 18 1-5sec.

Standing high jump—F. Larkin, 4ft. 6¼in.; F. S. Haines, 4ft. 4¾in.

Dash of 220yds—H. L. Smock, 1; H. Stevenson, 2. Stevenson was beaten off. Time, 25 4-5sec.

Graduated hundred-yards run—J. Duffield, 1; J. Woods, 2. Time, 10 1-5sec.

Judges: H. B. Thompson and Bolton Hall. Timekeeper, Matt. Goldie. Referee, George Goldie.

GYMNASTICS AND ATHLETICS.

Fred. Engelhardt's benefit performance at Booth's Theatre on the night of the 18th was poorly patronized—in fact, we doubt very much whether the beneficiary cleared enough to pay for the rent. In view of the stiff prices foolishly charged to witness a very tame entertainment, this result is by no means surprising. Reasonable prices and a good management of an attractive character, without any preliminary claptrap announcement, would have brought a much better return; and if Engelhardt did not realize the fact before, he cannot be blind to it now. The programme embraced gymnastic exercises by members of the New York Turnverein, who exhibited considerable proficiency; feats with balls, by Prof. Friedrich and Capt. Nicholas; lasso-throwing by Peralto and Carillo, the riders; feats of strength by Pat Kelly; a number of well-drilled Turners, led by Friedrich, and attired in the costume of Roman warriors of old, in an interesting fencing display, with the high-sounding title of "Roman festival of arms;" a nonsensical exhibition of "the manly art of self-defence," in the shape of a set-to between Thounazan and L'Auguille; a neat and artistic club-swinging act by Fred R. Fortmeyer; single-stick act by Thounazan and Jean Deturk, which, from its novelty and the genuine ease and grace of the contestants, was enjoyable; Zavier Stoppel's "ideal plastiques," which not many waited to see; and a Greco-Roman wrestling contest between Emile Regnier and Wm. Muldoon, the latter being one of our giant policemen, who obtained the decision over Miller, proving an apt pupil. It had been announced that a masked amateur wrestler would oppose the skillful Regnier, and an amateur he was, barring his non-appearance, although few imagined that any such individual as the mysterious amateur existed, in the flesh. However this may have been, the struggle between Regnier and Muldoon was the most attractive which made amends for much of the tameness characterizing other portions of the entertainment, although it was prolonged to a wearisome degree. Nevertheless, it was, although the Frenchman, whose wonderful agility and eel-like contortionism were an offset to the immense strength of the less active and scientific "solid man" of the form, showed nearly half a dozen falls to his credit more than once—all he lacked to enable him to accomplish the task was main strength and weight, particularly the latter. Instead, however, they arranged a series of games hastily, without being assured that their full nine would turn out, and the first result from such a blunder was their narrow escape from a defeat on June 17 at the hands of the second nine of the rival Flyaway Club, known as the Friendship nine, which, on this occasion, was captained by Marty Malone of the first nine of the Flyaway, the Friendship team actually closing the first part of the ninth inning of the game with a score of 12 to 11 against the Witokas. If a co-operative nine go into the field as a business nine, they should do their work in a business way, or they will find their time and hard labor thrown away. The Witokas now have an opportunity of getting a reputation which will be excellent capital for them as a co-operative team; but they will have to pay attention to their work to profit by it, and not act as they did on this occasion. The following is the score:

Friendship	0	2	1	1	3	0	1	0	4—12
Witoka	0	1	1	1	3	2	1	2	0—11

First base by errors—Friendship, 6; Witoka, 8. Umpire, Mr. Temple of the Concord Club. Time, 2h. 25m.

A CARD.—NEW BEDFORD, MASS., June 21, 1877.—ED. CLIPPER: An erroneous report, started by parties wishing to steal our players, is being circulated throughout the country that the New Bedfords are financially ruined, and are about to disband, etc. I would respectfully interm managers who are deranged because their nines are a failure that they must look elsewhere for pitchers, catchers, etc., as the New Bedfords are drawing as large crowds as any other international club in New England, are on as solid a financial foundation as any club in the country; all reports to the contrary are base fabrications, started to injure us because we were not accommodating enough to release our pitcher and catcher to brace up two nines struggling in the mire. The Bostons, Lowells and Indianapolis have played here the past week, and I most respectfully refer to the managers of said clubs to vouch for my statement of the patronage here. They all return in September, and all other first-class clubs are cordially invited to send for dates, and they will receive prompt attention from yours very respectfully, C. BANCROFT,
Manager New Bedfords.

JERSEY CITY vs. ORANGE.—The Jersey City Club visited Orange, N. J., June 20, and defeated the strong nine of the Orange Club at that place by a score of 21 to 13. The Jersey City Club played a strong, uphill game. A remarkably lively ball was used, and that, with the miserable condition of the grounds, accounts for the large score. Fielding was entirely chance-work, and the game was simply a contest of batters. The Jersey City nine had no difficulty in batting Rule for fourteen base-hits, and their batting alone won the game.

Orange	4	3	0	3	5	0	0	0	0—13
Jersey City	1	3	0	0	2	0	3	5	2—21

Umpire, Mr. Freeman of Resolutes. Time, 3h.

COLUMBIA vs. IMPROMPTU.—The Columbia College Law School nine played a game with an impromptu team on June 19 at Prospect Park, and won by the appended score:

College	2	2	2	2	9	4	4	0	—25
Impromptu	2	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	—10

Umpire, Mr. Clark.

BOWDOIN vs. COLBY.—The nines of Bowdoin and Colby Colleges played at Brunswick, Me., June 22, with this result:

Bowdoin	1	2	1	2	0	1	2	3	0—12
Colby	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	1—4

THE FLYAWAY AND WITOKA CLUBS are notified of letters for them now in our care.

CRICKET.

MANHATTAN vs. ALLCOMERS.

Over a month ago we suggested to the Manhattan Club to get up a match between their first eleven and a team made up of "allcomers," in order to practice their eleven together as a team, preparatory to meeting the strong elevens of the St. George and Staten Island Clubs. The suggestion was at once acted upon and the match arranged, the Manhattans received at the hands of the St. George Club, when the former placed an eleven in the field which had not met together even once for practice. Wednesday, June 19, was the day appointed for a match between the Manhattan eleven and an "Allcomers" team of fifteen. As the former had to play the Staten Island Club team on the following day, it was the wish of the club committee to arrange just such a practice match; but how was the call responded to by the first eleven? The time appointed for the one-inning match to commence was 11 A. M., there were but four of the regular members of the Manhattan Club on the ground ready to play, viz., Messrs. Jenkins, Jackson and Rogan. If the Manhattans mean to play the game only for exercise, exercise, then this kind of thing is not out of the way; but it they mean business, and intend going in earnestly as rival competitors for the cricket supremacy of the metropolis, then they will have to change their practice very materially.

At the hour when but three first-eleven men of the Manhattan club were present to meet the fifteen "allcomers," there was exactly one outsider present to represent the "Allcomers" eleven. Had the latter been present, there would have been no eleven to meet them except a substitute from the ranks of the club; but, as it happened, there were no players of the outside team to give the club a game if they had been there. After waiting until nearly five o'clock, sides were chosen, and a one-inning game played, with the appended result, two of the first eleven men arriving on the field after six o'clock.

ELEVEN.		ALLCOMERS.	
Jenkins, b. Jackson	7	Chadwick b. Rogan	0
Rogan b. Jackson	2	Makin, not out	9
Tyler b. "Williams"	0	Jackson b. Scott	8
Lane b. "Williams"	0	Hoelscher, run out	0
Scott b. Jackson	0	Ames b. Rogan	0
Chippendale, run out	0	McKenzie, run out	1
H. Tucker b. Jackson	9	Law b. Rogan	1
Smith b. Rogan	0	White b. Rogan	0
Tiley, not out	0	"Williams" b. Rogan	7
Hosford, run out	0	Dr. Drayton, run out	0
Wides	2	Byes, 6; l. b., 4; wide, 1	11
Total	38	Total	37

FALL OF WICKETS.

Eleven	1	2	3	8	11	14	19	29	38	—38
Allcomers	15	17	18	21	21	22	22	30	37	—37

Umpires, Messrs. White and North.

THE AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND.

The London Field, in commenting on the play of the Australians in England, says: "Since their first match in England—which, in fact, was practically their first appearance in preliminary encounter—he Australians have carried all before them. Great as their reputation had been in the colony, few were prepared for such exploits as those achieved by them in defeating Yorkshire and Surrey on the top of the reel. The contest with the southern county, which formed the principal feature in the cricket programme of the past week, had been looked forward to with considerable interest. Our visitors must indeed have been gratified by the fact that their match commanded more attention, perhaps, than any other that has been played on the Oval, the aggregate number of spectators on the two days having been computed at quite 28,000. Most of those present were especially charmed by the superb fielding of their brothers from the Antipodes, and the principal achievement by Mr. Spofforth both at Lord's and Huddersfield caused him to be the object of particular notice. This gentleman possesses the gift of varying his pace without stiffness in the slightest in his delivery to acquaint the batsman of the fact. With the effective bowling of the visitors Mr. Shooter and Pooley were the only batsmen on the home side who seemed at all able to cope successfully. C. Bannerman, who is regarded as the best bat of the team, displayed better form than he has done hitherto. High praise must also be accorded to Surrey for the excellent manner in which they exerted themselves in the field; and it is but fair to say that, had the weather remained throughout as on the first day, the finish would most probably have been more exciting. Barratt's bowling, Pooley's wicket keeping and the fielding of Shrewsbury and Sherman were especially noticeable. It may, perhaps, be interesting to know that in all 312 overs were bowled, 375 runs scored, and that nine hours and thirty-eight minutes' actual play was witnessed."

ST. GEORGE vs. BOSTON.

The match at Boston between the St. George Club and the Longwoods of Boston June 22 was stopped by rain after the Georgians had had their innings. The feature of the game as played was Mr. Marsh's fine inning of 75, not out.

St. GEORGE.			
Moore c. Hubbard	b. Jones	12	Holman b. Tyler
Bance, run out		10	Kimball b. Phillips
Giles c. Jones	b. Hubbard	22	Ketchum c. Dutton b. Phillips
Tyler b. Jones		4	Jones c. Phillips b. Tyler
Marsh, not out		75	B, 5; l. b., 1; w., 20
Moeran	b. Phillips	8	
Mostyn b. Phillips		2	Total
Talbot	b. w. b. Jones	2	

LONGWOOD.			
First Inning.			
Holman	b. Tyler	0	
Kimball	b. Phillips	0	
Ketchum	c. Dutton b. Phillips	0	
Jones	c. Phillips b. Tyler	0	
Hubbard	b. Tyler	0	
Tyler	not out	0	
Phillips	not out	0	
Dutton	did not bat		
Total		0	

A CRICKET-MATCH was played by the Onondagauas and Rochesters, at Rochester, N. Y., June 18, the former winning by a score of 100 to 88.

THE TURF.

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Putting the shot, 16lb.—F. Larkin, 33ft. 8in.; C. Dodge, 33ft. 11½in.

Hundred yards dash—A. C. Hunt, 1; L. P. Smock, 2. Won by one-fifth of a second. Time, 9 4-5sec.

Pole jumping—F. Larkin, 7ft. 10in.; J. P. Withington, 7ft. 8in.

One-mile run—A. Phraner, 1; J. M. Woodbury, 2. Time, 5m. 59s.

Throwing the hammer, 14lb.—F. Larkin, 101ft. 4in.; C. Dodge, 96ft. 5in.

Quarter-mile run—J. Stewart, 1; J. P. Lanier, 2. Time, 59 2-5sec.

Running wide jump—A. C. Hunt, 20ft.; H. Stevenson, 19ft. 6in.

Running high jump—J. P. Withington, 5ft.; A. C. Hunt, 4ft. 11in.

Hurdle race, 110yds.—A. Brown, 1; C. Dodge, 2. Won by one and four-fifth seconds. Time, 18 1-5sec.

Standing high jump—F. Larkin, 4ft. 6¼in.; F. S. Haines, 4ft. 4¾in.

Dash of 220yds—H. L. Smock, 1; H. Stevenson, 2. Stevenson was beaten off.

"THE DARK AND THE LIGHT."—And meanwhile Constance was playing her part with much more tact and skill than might have been expected from her want of experience.

TO THE MUSE OF POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "FABE" MARTIN.

O heavenly maid! thy true love needs
No poet's pen to crown thy train;
With gilded car and airy steeds
Thou roll'st along Mount Ida's plain.

How oft beneath some sylvan bower
I've heard thy soft and pleasing praise,
Half dream-like in thy loving power,
Thinking of boyhood's halcyon days.

Have dreamed of beings pure and white,
And others draped in weeds of woe,
Who far from earthly cares and blight
Now roam where streams of glory flow.

Aye, aye! 'mid woe and tears I've smiled!
Sighs woven in with rapturous bliss!
And then with soul passion-tost—wild—
Have longed your dainty lips to kiss.

Dowagiac, Mich.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT:

OR,

DRIFTING APART ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

A Story of Absorbing Interest, Thrilling Effects, and Powerful Dramatic Situations.

BY JANE MILL,

AUTHOR OF "DAN'S TREASURE." "CLYTIE CRANBOURNE." "THE GOLDEN BOWL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONSTANCE BELIEVES SHE SHALL SUCCEED.

Love that of every woman's heart
Must have the whole and not a part;
That to her is nature's plan
More than ambition is to man.—LONGFELLOW.

Dinner has been over for some time, and Herbert and Constance Dorset sit round the fire with their two guests. The wind is howling among the trees outside the hotel, rain is falling heavily, and a sense of added comfort in the contrast of the warm room and the raging elements from which they are sheltered dispose the party to be talkative, and to ignore the card-table set out at a little distance from them. It is poor Loo whom they are discussing, and Robert Marker is telling them how he found the child, with little anecdotes of her childhood which are interesting at least to one of his listeners.

"And you really think it possible," Constance asked, but without any show of rancor or bitterness, "that she can be the child of any but very poor, vulgar and ignorant people?"

"Yes, I do think so, unreasonable as it may appear," was the ready reply, with a bright smile on his still boyish, handsome face; "and I have some ground, besides Loo's natural refinement and beauty, for my opinion."

"Indeed! Pray, what is it?"

"The only woman she spoke of at the time or seemed to remember she called 'Suma,' evidently not an English name; and one day, when we were walking through Westbourne Grove, the child suddenly clutched my hand, and, pointing to an ayah walking with some white children, exclaimed: 'There is Suma!' Then I looked, and Loo ran up to the woman, but she shrank back, evidently disappointed, and spoke some words in Hisdostanee, which I could not understand; then she turned back to Miss Travers and me, saying: 'It is not Suma, and she does not know anything about her.'"

"And what do you deduce from that?" inquired Herbert.

"That Loo is the daughter of some English lady and gentleman whose colored nurse has either run away with or lost her. We may never discover who her parents really are, but you can see that there is no trace of color in her."

"Yes, I can see that; but I must say I think your conclusion rather romantic," replied the young man—"not, however, that one could associate any idea of vulgarity or ignoble origin with Loo."

"More singular things than what you suppose to be the truth in this case happen daily," here interposed General Speke. "My brother tells a story that might be the very beginning and clue to this, if one could only piece them together."

"Do you remember it?" asked Herbert.

"Yes, I think so—at least the general outline. It is many years ago now. He was captain of a large steamship trading between Bombay and Suez, and they were wrecked in the Indian Ocean. Among his passengers was a lady with her child of a few months old, and her ayah, who had also her child with her, that must have been about the same age as that of her mistress. Before the vessel foundered the lady died, leaving her child to the joint care of my brother and her nurse, who appeared to be greatly attached to the little thing. The condition of the vessel in the storm that was raging grew worse and worse; no hope or succor seemed to remain. Some of the crew took to the boats and were drowned, and where every life was at stake you may suppose that that of an infant was scarcely thought of. My brother tells the story far more graphically than I can, for he saw and took part in it, while I was thousands of miles away. I have heard him say that, when their plight seemed to be at the very worst, the colored nurse who had charge of the two babies jumped into a boat that was putting off from the vessel, having thrown one of the children into the boat, while the other fell into the sea. Strange as it may seem, this latter child was rescued, taken back into the vessel, and a few hours afterwards another ship came in sight and took off the crew and passengers from the Lurline, which was now a mere wreck. A few weeks after, in fulfillment of his promise to the dead lady, my brother took the child thus rescued to the lady's relations. I may not mention their name, but they are one of the proudest and richest families in England. But the most singular part remains. This child was dark, and, though not repudiated, was received under protest and with suspicion, the conviction being that the child whom the nurse had taken away was in reality the heiress, while the one left behind was the offspring of the colored woman."

"But what became of the nurse?" asked Constance. "Was she drowned?"

"No; it was believed not. She was traced to China, from there to America, and there lost. Very many years have passed, no effort has been spared to find her, but in vain. She and the child may have died, or may be wandering about, poor and unknown."

"And what has become of the colored child?" asked Robert Marker, deeply interested.

"She has been brought up as the heiress to the property, and it may be difficult to disprove her claim."

"Perhaps, after all, she may be the true heiress. Is she quite dark?"

"No, I believe not. The nurse was a half-caste, and her husband was a white man. It is a very pretty muddle as it stands. The hope has been all these years that the nurse may be found, for they seem to have placed great confidence in the woman, and to believe that she would not have been a willing party to such a fraud."

"How long ago was this?" asked the surgeon, an odd idea entering his head.

"About twenty years ago, I should think," was the reply.

And Robert Marker's hastily formed theory collapsed. Loo could not have been the lost child. Twenty years ago must have been at least two or three years before Loo was born. Herbert Dorset, however, more shrewdly than Robert Marker, took the colonel's estimate of time for just so much as it was worth, and that a mere guess; and, though he asked no farther questions, fearing that if he did he should excite suspicion, he noted the name of the vessel lost, and of which Captain Speke was the commander, and he determined to test the idea that had suddenly sprung up in his mind, that Loo and the missing heiress were identical. Even judging calmly later on in the evening, and when his guests had gone, the possibility of the mystery surrounding Loo's birth and parentage being thus solved grew into a probability. Here was a colored woman lost with a white child. Then came the white child who had belonged to a colored woman, and had been severed from her by a violent accident. This also explained why Loo had never been sought or claimed by her mother or nurse, whichever Suma might be. His long residence in the East had given Herbert an insight into the character and tendencies of Hindoo men and women, and he could quite understand that, having lost the child, the ayah would sit down and moan and cry for her lost darling, or try to chase away the memory of her grief in the fumes of opium, instead of starting up and resolutely and methodically appealing to the law to enable her to find her. Another difficulty, even if she had started to do this, would stand in her way. If the child were really not her own, the law would punish her for keeping it from its family, rather than hand it back to her, for of course she must know of the change. Indeed, the more Herbert thought the matter over, the more convinced he was that the affair was worth sifting out, and the more determined he was to do it.

And meanwhile Constance was playing her part with much more tact and skill than might have been expected from her want of experience. Very sweet and gentle she seemed. The discontented, hard expression of her face had been smoothed out. Perhaps, if minutely examined, the faintest suspicion of pale pink powder might have been discovered, and would account for the soft bloom which otherwise was her arrayed. She had set herself to please, dressed herself for conquest, and, to a certain extent, she succeeded. Major-general Speke looked at her more than once with matrimonial thoughts intent, and Robert Marker thought how sad it was that the blight of unmerited suspicion should have fallen on so fair a life; and, as pity is akin to love, so the latter feeling might have grown out of the former if his heart had not been already too full of the image of another to admit of even the temporary presence of a rival. Still, Robert Marker's manner when he addressed women was unintentionally deceptive. His soft, beautiful gray eyes, with their long lashes, had a look in them apt to make a woman's heart thrill, and believe that only for herself could they ever wear such a tender expression, while he, on his part, was unconscious of the influence they exercised. Thus it was with Constance Dorset this evening; she believed that her efforts and her hopes were not in vain; that she was already on the road to success; and, if the memory of poor little Freddy's dead face did sometimes come in to cloud the brightness of the future she had mapped out for herself, she pushed it aside, closed her eyes to it as she had closed her heart to any throb or feeling of pity in that dark, early morning, so long ago, when she made herself liable to the penalty of a life for a life. But the present and future look bright—brighter indeed than any portion of the past has been. Robert Marker shows no inclination to shun her society—on the contrary, he seeks it, for of the Talboys he knows little, and the colonel's wife is not quite according to his taste; and when a man who works hard the greater part of his life gets away for a holiday, the company of pleasant persons with whom he can be on friendly if not intimate terms adds greatly to his enjoyment. Thus day after day went on and found the man to whom Loo had given her heart spending whole hours in attendance upon the woman whom she both disliked and feared. Matters, however, could not long continue like this. Constance was too impatient. Every day brought them nearer to the end of their stay, and anyone watching the signs of the times could perceive that a crisis was at hand.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—AT LAST!

"There is a voice in the Autumn blast
That wafts the falling leaf,
When the glowing scene is fading fast,
For the hour of bloom is brief;
It tells of life, of its sure decay,
Of earthly splendors that pass away."

—E. A. WARE.

How familiar everything seemed when Loo and Mabel got back to their old home at Notting Hill Gate. The three tall poplars that stood at the bottom of the front garden bowed their stately heads as they were swayed by the wind, as though in greeting to their owner, who, after so many years' absence, had now come back to them. In the back garden, though most of the flowers were fading, a few stray violets peeped up, and Loo gathered some of them and hid them in her bosom, then danced about the house, arranging one piece of furniture, patting another for old acquaintance sake, and seeming so thoroughly delighted to be at home again that Mabel could not help smiling and feeling glad that she had yielded to the girl's exaggerated terror, and had come back to the place that was henceforth to be their home.

Awaiting them, however, they found a letter from Lady Travers—a characteristic epistle, but which they were too much amused with to think of ignoring or resenting.

"MY DEAR MABEL"—it ran—"I have at last a home of my own to which I can invite you. Of course my invitation includes the young person whom, against my wish, you adopted, and without whom I know I may look for you in vain. Your affectionate aunt, MARGARET TRAVERS."

"I would rather not go," said Loo, when the letter was read. "Lady Travers never liked me, and I don't remember caring much for her. I will stay at home and amuse myself by going over some of my old work. I shall not feel at all dull or lonely, and, if I do, I will take one of the servants over with me and call on Mrs. Dorset. I don't suppose there is the least fear of Herbert coming back to stay at the Grove House."

"I should not think," was the reply; "but I will go with you and see Elaine to-morrow; you will then be able to go there as often as you like; she was always fond of you, and your old governess, Miss Finch that was, will also be glad to see you."

Miss Travers was right; her sister was glad to see Loo. She reminded her, but not painfully, of the darling boy she had lost, and time, that healer of so many wounds, had softened what had once seemed as though it would be her death-blow, and had enabled her to think with pitying compassion of the wretched girl who, to spite her, had taken an innocent life. The household at the Grange had changed; Mr. Dorset's hair was white as silver, deep lines marked the fair face of his still young wife, and the only child now left them, born just before poor little Freddy's death, was a big girl over eight years old, whom both of her parents were doing their best to spoil. Many were the questions asked the two travelers about their own doings. The Dorsets were surprised and not displeased to hear that they had met Herbert abroad; but when the name of Constance was uttered an ominous silence and chill fell over both the father and stepmother of the guilty woman, till Loo, noticing it, was silenced by it.

Not so Mabel, however. Little dreaming of the cause of her expulsion from her father's house, Miss Travers pleaded the girl's case, pointed out how miserable and lonely she was, the bad effect it would have upon her chances of getting married, being banished from her father's house, and urged her sister, as a matter of principle and duty, to give Constance one more trial and invite her to come home once again.

Very patiently Mrs. Dorset listened to all this. She had promised her husband not to reveal his daughter's guilt, and she would not, but leave her to the punishment of her own conscience; and if that were slight, so much the worse for her. But here her forbearance had been stretched to its utmost limit, and she said very calmly, but with a severity for which her sister would never have given her credit:

"I don't want to hear of Constance again, Mabel. She and I will never live in the same house again; probably she is as determined upon that point as I am, and it will be a kindness to all of us never to mention her name. It is as distasteful to you, my dear, as it is to me, I think," she added, turning to her husband.

"Quite," was the stern response.

And then Loo knew that, though Mabel still doubted, Constance Dorset's guilt had been proved, her parents were convinced of it, and England would no longer be a safe refuge for her.

Thus the visit to Grove House passed over. Loo was invited to walk over whenever she felt inclined, and two or three days after Mabel Travers set out to visit Lady Travers. What possessed her swell ladyship to go and locate herself at Little Bampton, on the Sussex coast, it would be difficult to say; but here she had determined to spend her Winters, and to return to London each Spring. For, as we have already heard, Lady Travers was no longer dependent upon her niece, her brother having left her a thousand a year, and, late as it was in life, the vain little woman intended to get some enjoyment out of it. There are various kinds of enjoyment. Byron tells us "Revenge is sweet, especially to women," and when he wrote this he must have been thinking of such a woman as Lady Travers, for to her revenge *was* sweet—sweeter than the very breath of life.

"Well," she asked sharply, glancing towards the door as Mabel came into the room where she sat, and was about to offer to kiss her, "where is your shadow?"

"My shadow?" repeated Miss Travers, not for the moment comprehending her.

"Yes; the girl you could never travel a yard without. I invited her to please you. Where is she?"

"If you mean Loo, my adopted daughter or niece, she is at home," replied Mabel, with grave dignity.

"Why didn't you bring her?" asked the old lady snappishly; "I told you to."

"Yes, but she didn't wish to come," in the same freezing tones.

"But I wish to see her. Has she grown ugly?"

"No; some people think her very beautiful—Herbert, for instance."

"Ah! have you seen him?"

"Yes, we left him behind us at Spa."

"And he admires her?"

"It looked like it."

"You don't mean to say you will disgrace the family by trapping him into a marriage with her?"

"I hope not, for her sake," replied Mabel warmly; "but don't trouble yourself about Loo's prospects, aunt; I can take care of them. How have you been getting on, and what made you come to winter here?"

"I like the place, and the place suits me. The people here have due regard for persons of rank, and I am not expected to meet any butcher's or baker's wife. See, I have been buying some curiosities; that little twisted brooch, with its forget-me-not of diamonds, looks quaint in its old setting, doesn't it? When I die I shall leave this to Constance Dorset."

"Yes, it is pretty," absently.

It seemed sad, almost grotesque, to see this old woman with withered fingers, black eyes, and hair of shining silver, with one foot already in the grave, for she has aged greatly since we first met her, but with her love of diamonds and finery still as strong upon her as ever.

"So you haven't got a husband in all these years?" she went on again after a time in her sharp, shrill voice.

"No," smilingly.

"I suppose you have had a chance of being married?"

"Most women have that," vaguely.

"Of course I know that, but I mean while you have been away."

"None that I should have cared to take, you may be sure. Loo will be married before me, no doubt, and will send me one of her children to fill her place."

"Loo married? Ah! she must be getting quite a woman; I should like to see her. It was very selfish of you, Mabel, to leave her behind. One wants something bright and young in the house to remind us of our own youth. Mind you bring her next time. I have half a mind to have her telegraphed for at once."

In unfeigned surprise Mabel Travers looked at her aunt. Had she suddenly gone mad? Ten minutes ago she was speaking slightingly of Loo, as though she bore her no good will; now she was regretting her absence, and talking of sending for her. What could it mean? The old woman's memory must be failing her, otherwise she would certainly not contradict herself in this manner. She coldly said, however:

"No, I cannot have Loo sent for; she has never traveled alone; perhaps the next time I come to see you she may accompany me. Now, I think, I will go and change my dress."

With which she left the room and Lady Travers, still holding the quaint diamond brooch in her hand.

"Forget-me-not," she repeated, and a wicked, malignant expression came over her withered face. "No, I don't think she ever will forget me if I get the chance."

Meanwhile Loo was in London, and was doing not a very wise thing. It was rare for her to be left alone by Mabel, and after the first hour or two time hung heavily upon her hands, and a feeling of restlessness came over her urging her to go out for a brisk walk in the keen, crisp air. For a time she resisted the temptation, thinking Mabel would not approve of it; but at length the desire to tread on the grass in Kensington Gardens became too much for her, and, hastily dressing, she told one of the servants that she was going for a walk, and should perhaps go on as far as Mrs. Dorsett's.

"Shall I go with you, miss?" questioned the woman, for even in the short time she had been with the two ladies she rightly guessed that the elder would not approve of the younger one going out alone.

"No; I don't think it is worth while," was the reply; "besides, I can't wait for you. But you can come after me if you like. I will walk to Kensington Gardens to the round pond. I quite remember the way, and you can follow me there. You won't be more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in dressing, I suppose."

"No, miss, I won't be longer than that. I must just change my dress, and put on a pair of boots; you'll keep near the pond, miss, won't you?"

"Yes; you needn't hurry," and so the young lady walked off; but she had not proceeded very far before she wished she had waited for the parlor-maid to accompany her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TEMPERANCE-LECTURE.—A Western Member of Congress lounged into the barroom of a fashionable up-town hotel one morning recently to get his matutinal invigorator. When the necessary utensils were placed before him, the Hoosier statesman deliberately filled the glass to the brim with whiskey. "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the astonished barkeeper, "that isn't a drink—that's a temperance-lecture!" The member's face lights up with an expression of pride whenever he relates the incident.

A CURIOUS PARTNERSHIP is related as existing at Chelsea, Vt., where a turkey and a partridge are sharing a nest. The turkey continues to deposit her egg daily, although the partridge began to set after laying thirteen. During the occupation of the nest by the turkey the partridge attends to feeding.

SISTER BLANCHE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ETTIE ROGERS.

The classic face and exquisite hands of Sister Blanche were as transparently colorless and expressionless as if carved of alabaster, and this ghostly fairness was more striking in being forever contrasted with the dead-black dress that clung in severe outlines about her stately figure. In the unearthly and mysterious sweetness of her aspect she was so totally unlike any other of her order that one could not help speculating about her and her history.

Had those grave, blue eyes, eternally hidden behind their broad white lids, ever flashed with youthful fire? Had those small, slow feet ever trodden the world's rough ways? Had that silent heart ever thrilled with human passion, or that royal head ever bowed before the bitter wisdom of life?

Whether those pale-pink lips had ever smiled, or that silvery, passionless voice had ever stirred the diapason of gladness, few could know. Her life was severe and sacrificial. She was more of a shadowy saint than a gracious, merciful mortal. But, like more common beings, Sister Blanche had suffered and endured, and, unlike the larger number, had arisen transfigured and sanctified from the ruinous tragedy of her youth.

* * * * * * *

The splendor of a Summer-day suffused the green hills and rosy meadows about Plumetot, which place, as the unique and not particularly euphonious name etymologically implies, was little more than a vast "inclosure of flowers." The pretty house, with its balconies and gothic gables, that stood on a little eminence in the midst of the blossoming shrubbery, was the residence of the rich and aristocratic Louis St. Clair.

On this bright Summer-day a pleasant hum of activity pervaded the sleepy, luxurious place. Multitudinous and mellifluous odors issued from the open doors and windows—spicy aromas, the scent of cut-flowers, and strange, sweet smells from some esoteric region where a grandiloquent French cook reigned supreme. A magnificent wedding was in prospective; and, benignant spirits permitting, the handsome daughter of the house would on the following morning become the bride of Kenyon Duboise.

The lovers came out into the sunset together, and crossed the grounds towards the river below. And that was fated to be the last happy hour that Blanche St. Clair was ever to know. As they turned into a narrow path, hedged by thick, dark firs, a lovely, elfish figure suddenly came into the walk ahead of them. In her weird, ghostly beauty, she seemed a resurrected dryad—a fairy nymph of the woods who had been fed on dews and cradled in roses. Her short, sea-green, silken skirts disclosed her velvet-shod, diminutive feet; her wind-blown lace shawl fluttered from each shoulder like white wings, and the crinkly gold of her hair floated over her waist. Her small face was as tintless as a magnolia-flower, and out of it gleamed the scarlet of her lips and the uncanny splendor of her dark eyes.

One instant the strange creature stood quite still, regarding Blanche St. Clair and Kenyon Duboise with an intense and unfathomable gaze, and then she vanished like a spirit; but the wind bore back a long, low, bitter cry, thrilling, mocking, defiant.

The young man had become oddly pale, and he glanced uneasily at Miss St. Clair. Blanche smiled as she observed how the vision had startled him.

"Poor little thing," she said; "I do not wonder she startled you. You will scarcely believe that that lovely atom of humanity is insane?"

"You know her, then?" he returned nervously.

"I have seen her frequently during the two years we have lived at Plumetot. Her aunt, who resides just beyond the village, cares for her, and, as she is harmless, she is allowed to stray about at her will. She was formerly a ballet-girl, and that fact accounts for her fanciful costume."

"Have you heard the cause of her insanity?" he inquired with inexplicable anxiety.

"Only the sad story as she tells it to anyone who will listen," was the reply. "In her seasons of lunacy she is eloquently and pathetically communicative, while in lucid intervals she is as dumb as an image of stone."

They walked on in silence until they reached an arbor on the cliffs that overhung the river.

"Do you know, Kenyon," said Blanche, idly plucking the fir-twigs and tossing them down into the eddies below, "that I scorn a man who wins a woman's heart but to break it as the most despicable of all God's creatures? To that poor little thing in gauze and spangles love was as sacred as it is to you or to me. A rich man saw her and admired her, and he knew that her soul was as stainless as the lilies down yonder among the weeds and water-snakes. Perhaps he really loved her, but his poor affection was not strong enough to break the crust of pride and defy the petty disapprobation of friends as ignobly lofty as himself. He knew that he should never choose a wife from the lowlier ways of life, and yet he could not leave the innocent child to her unpeace. He sought her again and again. He conquered her instinctive distrust by respectful devotion. He taught her love as one would teach a pretty spaniel to carry a bouquet, or a brilliant, willful parrot to talk, or a mocking-bird to sing—because it amused him. He made promises as false as his unkind, treacherous heart; and at last, when he knew that she believed in him as she believed in heaven, he left her without a word, to unlearn, if she could, her bitter lesson."

"But suppose the man repented the evil he had done. Should he not be pardoned?" asked the lover.

"Yes; if he proved such repentance by taking the wronged one by the hand and leading her to the altar—willingly, lovingly, proudly, before the censorious gaze of the whole world. But not otherwise."

"Not if he had subsequently met a lady more noble, more lovable, and more dear to him than he had ever thought any other could be?" asked the young man in a low, troubled voice.

She turned her fair, gracious face towards him wonderingly.

"I shall never understand an affection so mutable as that," she said; "nor could I ever love a man such as he of whom we are speaking."

"But, Blanche, suppose you should love such a one unknowingly?"

"I could not," she protested; "the emotion would not be love. I should love what I had supposed him to be, but him I should fly from in horror and disdain. But why do you question me like this? *You*, my Kenyon, have no unworthy acts to regret nor repent. Oh, do not look so troubled and hurt, for I have never doubted you, and never shall."

"Oh, you dear, tiresome, whimsical child," he observed, smiling; "I am really half afraid of you."

He spoke lightly, and her pleasant response was quite as trifling; but a sudden and strange shadow had fallen upon their spirits. And through the gathering dusk they walked silently back to the house.

Late that evening, when the house was still, Blanche went out among the flowers alone.

The night was deliciously sweet and warm and calm. The distant hills rose in dark masses against a brilliant sky, where the thick stars glittered like globes of opal. The heavy breath of the roses filled the air, and the rumble of the river sounded faintly and far away. Unconsciously she took the path of the afternoon, heedless of the lonely, dusky gloom. The morrow was to be her bridal-day; and yet her heart was burdened with vague misgivings of she knew not what. So intense and absorbing were her thronging thoughts that the shadowy place might have been peopled with gnomes or ghouls and she would have known it not. An uncanny figure in sea-green silk and wind-blown lace like white wings flitted before her in the path, and she did not see it. The wing of a night-bird brushed her cheek, but she did not feel it. But presently a long, low, bitter cry broke the stillness, and startled her from her depressing cogitations. She looked up and saw before her the sharp cliffs, and the white foam swirling down the tide below. As she paused, she heard voices somewhere beyond the shadows.

"You must let me take you home, Idelette," somebody was saying soothingly. "It is late; the dews are falling, and you will be ill if you stay out in the night."

The mad girl uttered a mocking laugh, and Blanche, hearing it, shuddered.

"Ah, how kind he is—how knightly," cried Idelette. "He thinks I am mad. He thinks the dews will make me ill. He would take me in from the night, this kind and gallant gentleman who has made my life one long, black, bitter night."

Then her derisive tones suddenly became infinitely reproachful and pathetic.

"You think I am mad," she began; "but my madness to-night is not that of those who gibber in idle frenzy. There is no delirium in my brain to-night, no icy numbness, no fiery-tongued, snaky things forever hissing and stinging and screeching. I have not haunted your steps for days to rave to you here of my wrongs and your wickedness. I shall not wring my hands and weep, nor, groveling at your feet, implore you to hold sacred the promises you so vilely made and so foully broke. Do you not see how calm and cool I am? These little hands that you have soiled with your kisses do not tremble; their nerves are strong as steel. Look at me, proud Kenyon Duboise, and guess if you can why I came to you here to-night."

To Blanche's strained sight those two forms had become visible through the gloom; but the glittering eyes and passionate voice of the poor mad Idelette had charmed her to an appalled silence, and she stood watching and listening, utterly incapable of a cry or motion.

"My hand is steady, my heart does not quake, nor my purpose quail," cried Idelette. "*This* is for what I came."

And then, before the doomed man had even divined her intentions, the slight, frail creature sprang upon him like a kitten at play. The shuddering watcher saw the flash of a slender blade, and saw him fall. As he fell, the poor, mad child, with the strength of a giantess, pushed him over the cliffs into the river, and then, with a shrill shriek that startled the night-birds from their coverts, leaped down the precipice.

Blanche St. Clair can remember yet how wild outcries of alarm, and of peering over the cliffs into the dreadful blackness below. She can remember still the flashing lanterns, the scared faces, the sound of hurrying feet; and can recall the terrible frozen sense of agony and despair that that night when she saw two bruised and breathless bodies borne slowly by pitying hands into the grand hall of Plumetot.

After that followed an oblivion like death, and out of this merciful blank of delirium and stupor and inane forgetfulness she came at last, to find the roses dead, and the white snows lying over the long grass that had grown upon the grave of the mad girl Idelette and of the hapless Kenyon Duboise.

One Winter morning a silver-haired woman, dressed in dead-black garments, left the Plumetot mansion, and the great iron gates through which she passed closed upon her forevermore.

To a woman like Blanche St. Clair there can be but one love and one lover. The marble-white hills that rose against the steely, wintry sky were not more desolate than her blighted young life. Her proud, gay life was over; but from the frozen ashes of her early faith and passion there has arisen a transfigured, saintly woman, whose suffering hearts she has soothed by her angelic ministrations is known only by the beloved name of "SISTER BLANCHE."

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

WE MUST HAVE MET BEFORE.

TO MISS HATTIE FORREST,

BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

On pleasant afternoons, when I
Am walking down the street,
All sorts of fellows pass me by,
Most every kind I meet;
But there is one among the rest
Who's always in my way—
His style is of the very best,
And thus he seems to say:

Chorus (waltz time).
We must have met before, love,
We must have met before,
And in your pretty eyes, dove,
There's something I adore;
I trace the winning smile, love,
You had in days of yore,
And, just as true as faith, dove,
We must have met before.

He's here and there and everywhere,
He's on the corners, too,
And in the Park—I meet him there
When visitors are few;
He moves about as light and free
As little fawns at play,
And if he dared to speak to me
I know that he would say:

Chorus.—We must have met before, etc.

Upon the boats and in the cars
And in the stage we've met;
I've never been to the bazars
And missed this fellow yet;
If I remain an hour or so
He's always sure to stay;
He watches me until I go,
And then he seems to say:

Chorus.—We must have met before, etc.

At theatres and concerts he
Is sure to find me out;
And, by the way, I'll look and see
To-night if he's about;

Providence, R. I.

Ah, there he is, just over there,
And aint he looking gay?
Look out, my darling, have a care,
Or else they'll hear you say:

Chorus.—We must have met before, etc.

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FITZDERBY'S RESPONSE.

The supreme moment in a man's lifetime is when he is called before the curtain to respond to the spontaneous outburst of an enthusiastic assemblage. We were never called upon to respond in that way ourselves, but we have assisted at a number of such interesting occasions. Here is Mr. Derby Fitzderby, who is making a graceful little speech to a highly appreciative audience. It was our idea to have Fitzderby called out, and it was our massive intellect which furnished him with the speech he is now uttering. But, of course, Fitzderby is taken by surprise, and he finds it utterly impossible to express his gratitude in words—in the face of which brazen assertion he proceeds to deliver his speech, which contains quite as many words as he was ever able to express. It will be observed that Fitz bears a slight resemblance to Dundreary. But we hasten to assure you that he is not a servile imitator of anybody. His character is quite his own, and perhaps it is as well for morality, as well as the drama, that this is so. We shall applaud his speech vigorously without any foolish ideas about modesty. The speech is ours, and we have heard Fitz rehearse it daily for a week past, so that it is only justice to ourselves to help on the applause.

AFTER THE ROSES.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

After the roses
Have faded away
We shall be parted
For many a day.
Will we remember
The vows we have made
By-and-bye, after
The roses shall fade?

Chorus.—Will we remember
Wherever we stray,
After the roses
Have faded away?

After the roses
Are scattered and dead,
Shall we dream over
The words we have said?
Will we regret them,
The promises made,
By-and-bye, after
The roses shall fade?

Chorus.—Will we remember
Wherever we stray,
After the roses
Have faded away?

THE EMOTIONAL ACTRESS.

R-R-R-ICHARD, YOU HAVE WR-R-ONGED ME!

It is no matter of wonder that the modern society drama is popular. The very fact that it holds the mirror up to most familiar nature, and shows us often marvelous dresses, as well as a little beauty unadorned, makes it agreeable to the average taste. Appreciating this truth, we take pleasure in calling your attention to the accompanying glorious creature. She is the heroine of an emotional play, of which she is decidedly the most emotional element. Gaze upon the loveliness of that face, the exquisite turn of the neck, the snowy whiteness of the bosom, the perfect contour of the figure—gaze, we say, upon these multitudinous charms, and ask yourself whether anything would tempt you to be false to such a woman. And yet the base wretch of a husband, who appears in seven distinct suits of clothes during the progress of the play, is finally called upon to figure in a suit for divorce. It happens that the beautiful and unsuspecting wife goes away on a visit to her mother, who lives at Gravesend, L. I. Returning unexpectedly on account of a smash-up on the Coney Island Railroad, she finds that in the time required to travel from Forty-second street to Greenwood and back—that is, from her home to the scene of the accident—the base villain, who has sworn to love, cherish and protect her, has married three additional wives. Upon entering the house she finds the monster Mormon engaged in a game of whist with the weak and much deceived women. Here is where the emotion comes in. Wife No. 1 gazes upon the scene with a look of withering scorn, and then sweeps proudly towards the door. There she stands, as you see her, with her beautiful bosom heaving, her eyes flashing, and the folds of her dress arranged to display her form to the best advantage. She says "R-r-r-ichard, you have wr-r-r-onged me!" and then sweeps grandly out. In the last act, the three superfluous wives die of emotional colic. Whereupon our heroine forgives and forgets, and Richard is himself again.

A REPLY.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THOMAS HARRINGTON, FORT MCPHERSON, NEB.,
BY HIS OLD-TIME COMRADE ON THE PLAINS.

Tom, give me your flipper, for your song in THE CLIPPER
Has carried me back to the past,
When the friendship we made, while together we stayed,
Was the kind of a friendship to last.

I dream of the time in that vast Western clime
Where we've rambled together afar,
And I long to be back on the red man's track,
If he's going to get up a war.

Oh, how happy I'd be could I once more see
The land that contains you, dear Tom,

Albany, N. Y., June, 1878.

And o'er the prairies wide to ride by the side
Of you, whom I parted from.

I shall never forget the last time that we met,
Ere brave Custer went down to his fate,
With the boys by his side, who so gallantly died,
To be honored—alas! when too late!

It near broke my heart when the time came to part,
And it filled you with sorrow and pain;
But we both came clear, with our lives and our hair—
Let us hope that we may meet again.

M. J. MCCABE.

PROFESSOR LA FONTAINE.

"THE PROFESSOR WILL OBLIGE."

Amid the clink of the beer-glasses, which falls like sweetest music upon the thirsty ear—that, of course, is a bit of poetical license which we hope will cause no critic to get on his ear—amid the clink of glasses and the fumes of smoke, and the echoes of words in the beery atmosphere of a Bowery saloon, appears nightly Professor La Fontaine. The Professor is a musician of extraordinary tone and timbre—no, to be sure, high-toned, nor of a timbre which secures him first-class board, but, nevertheless, artistic. He is a foreigner by birth, and a man who has seen better days. At present he does not see much of any days, better or worse, for the reason that he sits up until three o'clock, and rarely breakfasts until late in the afternoon. After listening to the story of his musical triumphs, as narrated by himself, it fills the sympathetic soul with sadness to see the Professor with dishevelled hair and threadbare coat hanging away upon the crack-toned piano in that saloon. Be sure, he still wears the swallow-tail, the cut vest and the white cravat, which are mementoes of that halcyon time when he played before all the crowned heads of Europe; but the coat, vest and tie have grown faded and seedy, like the Professor himself. He drowns his dreams of fame in countless schooners of beer, and plays "Hildebrandt Montrose," in place of Wagner's symphonies, with grace, if not with relish.

'NEATH THE WHITE BLOOM OF THE OLD APPLE-TREES.

DEDICATED TO BOBBY NEWCOMB, BY G. BARNES PENNOCK.

'Neath the white bloom of the old apple-tree
I meet bonnie Rosie, my darling, my love;
Our talk it keeps time to the hum of the bee
As they gather sweet honey from the blossoms above.
The white petals fall like a shower of pearls,
Borne to the earth by the soft balmy breeze,
While I in fond accents call the fairest of girls,
'Neath the white bloom of the old apple-trees.

Chorus.—Sweet little Rosie (*Break*),
The queen of my posey (*Break*),
Oh, meet me adown in the white-orchard aisles,
Amid the sweet bloom and blossomy pearls,
And bring with you, Rosie, the sweetest of smiles,
Bright little Rosie, the fairest of girls (*Dance*).
Adown in the orchard, where the birds build and sing,
Where the white petals drift on the soft, balmy air,

I meet darling Rosie, the wee little thing,
With her laughing blue eyes and her soft, sunny hair.
We sit and we chat as the hours go by,
We talk of our love, our fond hearts to please,
Adown in the orchard, sweet Rosie and I,
'Neath the white bloom of the old apple-trees.

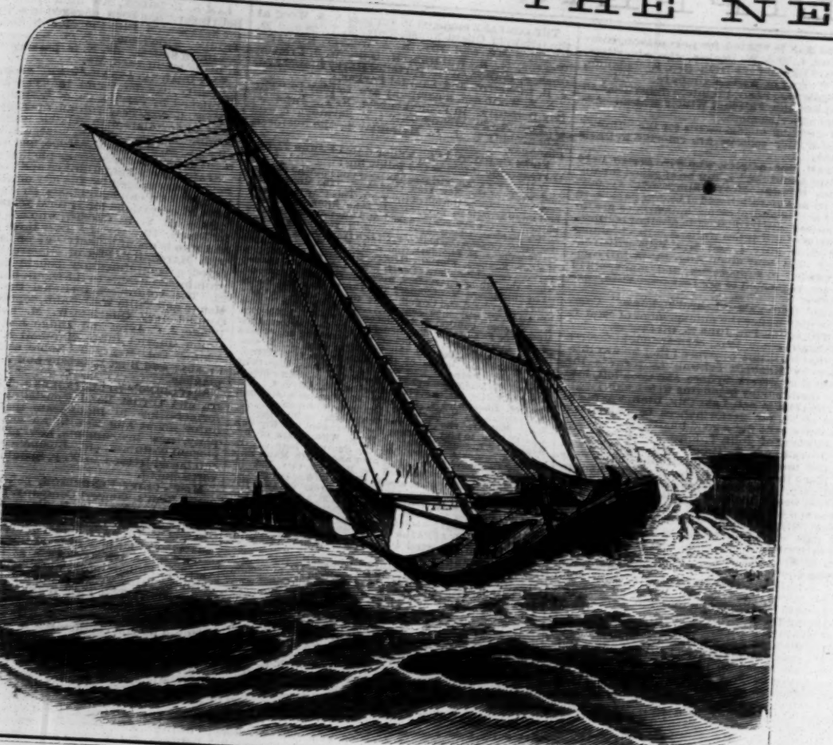
Chorus.—Sweet little Rosie, etc.

'Neath the white bloom of the old apple-boughs
Rosie and I have pledged our fond love;
She whispered to me the sweetest of vows,
And I've promised to make a nest for my dove.
When the snowy white blossoms are with us again,
Their sweet perfume scenting the low whisp'ring breeze,
We'll live in a cottage down the blossoming lane,
Near the white bloom of the old apple-trees.

Chorus.—Sweet little Rosie, etc.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES AND THE COMPANY.

We present a copy of a bill of performances given in the Park Theatre, this city, nearly forty-six years ago. It will be noticed that two pieces were played, although the company was phenomenally strong. Attention is directed to the very powerful cast of "The School for Scandal," underlined for Mr. Browne's benefit. W. R. Burton died in this city Feb. 9, 1860, as did James S. Browne, one of the best light and eccentric comedy actors who ever graced the American stage, Nov. 28, 1869; Henry Placide passed away in Babylon, L. I., Jan. 23, 1870; W. H. Williams, popularly known as "Billy Williams of the Veils," from his having been a favorite at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, Eng., returned to that city and died there Oct. 29, 1846; W. H. Bellamy died in Greenpoint, L. I., April 15, 1866; Corson W. Clarke died here Sept. 22, 1867; Freeland, Dennison, King and Nelson were probably utility people who did not long continue in the profession; John Gallot, we think, returned to England and died there; Mrs. Frederick Wheatley died in this city July 18, 1872; Miss Sarah Hildreth subsequently married Gen. B. F. Butler, and retired from the stage—she died in Boston, Mass., April 5, 1876; Miss Buloid, who afterwards married William Abbott, died in Chester, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1868; William Abbott was stricken with apoplexy on the stage of this theatre while performing Romeyn to the elder Booth's Pescara in "The Apostate," May 29, 1843, from the effects of which he died June 7 following; Sidney Pearson is still living in this city in retirement; Mr. H. V. Lovell retired from the stage about 1853, and died some years ago; Miss Kate Horn, now the widow of J. W. Buckland, is living in retirement in Montreal; John Povey died in London, Eng., May 2, 1867; Mrs. Thomas Barry died here Feb. 20, 1854; Mrs. Pritchard, whose maiden name was Turnbull, married H. V. Lovell in 1843, and is now in retirement; Mrs. Edward Knight returned to England in 1849, and died in Brompton, London, in 1861; J. M. Field died in Mobile, Ala., Jan. 28, 1856; John A. Fisher died here in July,



AQUATIC.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

This annual event occurred on the usual New York Bay course on Monday, June 17, and was fairly successful, albeit the day was one devoid of sunshine, and light breezes and calm alternated, greatly to the annoyance of the amateur sailors, for there is nothing less interesting or more tedious than a yacht race in which drifting plays an unpleasantly conspicuous part. The threatening appearance of the rain-charged clouds probably tended to drive away a number of those who intended being among the spectators, still the guest's steamer Commodore Lester Wallack left the dock a good-sized and merry party, composed largely of ladies, from their purpose was not to permit the weather to turn them from the pursuit of pleasure. The starting vessels were: Schooners, Class A—Peerless, J. R. Maxwell owner; Triton, C. G. A. Thayer. Cabin sloops, Class C—Undine, H. Bryant; Orion, W. Cooper; Sadie, H. E. Pierce; Kaiser, W. H. Field; Lizzie L., C. G. Benjamin; Genia, T. C. Fuller; Hope, J. C. Swan; Sheila, A. Johnson. Class E—Nimbus, H. Inglow; Intrepid, N. D. Mab, H. Arnold. The course for Classes B and C was Lawton; Nomad, H. H. Hoging; Amy, W. Lummis; as follows: From a stakeboat off Spuyten Duyvil; distance, about three-and-a-half miles, to and around a stakeboat at buoy 8½, on Southwest Spit, thence to and around the lightship, turning it from eastward and southward, thence going to the southward and westward of the Dunce, coming to Romer Shoal buoy, thence to the same course to buoy 8½, thence to a stakeboat at Gedney's Channel buoy, and back home. Class E, after rounding buoy 8½, stakeboat, made the best of their way to the starting-point. The almost entire absence of wind caused a long delay in starting the race; but finally the signal was given just before breeze. They went away on an ebb tide, and going down the Narrows short tacks were in order, and the Undine obtaining the weather position and leading just to the fort as she arrived a minute and a half ahead of the Triton, at 2h. 23m. 15s., she having started at 11h. 07m. 00s. The Peerless and Triton, by the time they reached the Southwest Spit, were within sight of Coney Island she passed the latter, remaining in front only a short period, however, as the shifting of the wind to southeast gave the Triton the weather position and enabled her to reach the Dunce first, the order and time of passing this mark were as under:

	h.	m.	s.
Triton	2	24	45
Orion	2	25	15
Peerless	2	25	15
Dolphin	2	26	15
Undine	2	26	15
Imperia	2	27	00
Intrepid	2	30	45
Nimbus	2	33	00

Leaving the five little fellows to journey back home, the sloops headed for the lightship, while the second-class sloops laid their course for Gedney's Channel buoy, the Lizzie L. being well in front and reaching the latter point at 3:20, just three minutes ahead of the Imperia, and eight ahead of the Sheila. During the run of the larger Peerless advanced from fourth to first place in line, while the Orion managed to get in front of the Undine, the ship being turned as under:

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Peerless	3	48	30	Triton	3	55	00
Orion	3	51	30	Dolphin	4	00	00
Undine	3	51	30	Sadie	4	00	00

All canvas that could be carried was loaded on after turning; but, as the wind had fallen light again, the headway was not very rapid. A few minutes after rounding, the Undine unfortunately lost her topmast (the result, as was supposed, of a strain caused by the balloon-jib dragging in the water under the bowsprit), which accident destroyed all chance she ever had of winning a prize. There was naught interesting in the run home by way of the Swash Channel, and the ending of the race was very unsatisfactory, the wind dying away just before the foremost vessels reached the Narrows; and the slower craft in the rear, holding the wind, ran in among them, and drifted across the line abreast. Thus Triton won over the same ship by the way the traveling Dolphin finished in front of the smart Orion. Or the other classes, the Imperia scored a brilliant victory in prize, beating the Nimbus 3m. 45s. The subjoined table shows the result:

SCHOONERS

	Elapsed time.	Corrected time.
Peerless	7h. 25m. 15s.	7h. 25m. 15s.
Triton	7 54 00	8 45 54

SLOOPS—CLASS C.

Orion	8 50 00	8 16 35
Sadie	8 50 00	8 18 10
Dolphin	8 22 20	8 18 54
	8 50 00	8 08 32

SLOOPS—Class D.

Imperia	6 21 20	6 21 20
Kaiser	6 07 20	6 07 20
Lizzie L	6 42 45	6 39 49
Genia	7 26 40	7 22 50
Hope	7 07 15	7 21 45
Sheila	7 07 00	7 01 28
	7 40 20	6 31 28

SLOOPS—CLASS E.

Nimbus	5 09 04	5 09 04
Alma	5 54 40	5 42 43
Intrepid	5 54 40	5 42 43
Nomad	5 54 40	5 06 18
Mab	5 54 14	5 27 18
	6 10 30	5 56 00

LONG ISLAND YACHT CLUB.

The members of this club were more fortunate than their brethren on the occasion of their regatta on Thursday, June 20, though the wind was considerably lighter than they could have desired. Four entries in the first class, five in the second, four in the third, and three in the fourth and fifth classes; the first two at starting was ebb, and the breeze came down from the plaine's Point, Gowanus Bay, and the larger cabin yachts going as far as the Southwest Spit, the other vessels rounding Robbins' Reef and Fort Lafayette, sailing over the course. There was nothing exciting about the regatta, the lightness of the wind making the labor easy and the racing rather tiresome. The following table tells the story:

FIRST-CLASS CABIN-YACHTS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.	Corrected Time.
Hope	12 56 09	6h 23m 52s	5h 27m 43s	5h 21m 35s
Dudley	12h 58m 38s	Not timed.		
Sophia	12 57 45	Not timed.		
Twinkle	12 58 06	Not timed.		

SECOND-CLASS CABIN-YACHTS.

Reveille	Disabled.									
West Wind	1	14	30	Withdrawn.						
Adm'l Rowan	1	10	51	8	55	34	4	44	33	4
Minnie T	1	14	30	6	15	59	5	01	29	4
Marie	1	14	30	Withdrawn.						

FIRST-CLASS OPEN YACHTS.

Fannie K	1	06	10	6	05	06	4	56	56	4
Nettie	1	14	30	5	23	56	4	09	26	4
Chauncey Felt	1	07	15	5	24	56	4	17	41	4
Martha M	1	14	30	5	29	22	4	14	52	13

SECOND-CLASS OPEN YACHTS.

Excelsior	1	14	30	5	32	53	4	18	23	4
Sadie	1	14	30	5	32	53	4	18	23	4
	1	14	30	Withdrawn.						

THIRD-CLASS (CAT-RIGGED).

Hi Pi	1	10	12	6	02	42	4	55	32	4
Johnnie B	1	14	13	Withdrawn.						
Missy	1	14	30	6	31	25	5	16	55	5

The Hope won the first cabin class, her competitors not being in sight when the judges' steamer left at 7 o'clock. The Admiral Rowan won in the second cabin class, the Nettie being beaten by the Martha M. 6m. The Excelsior won in the first open class, beating the Fannie K. 21m. 45s., and the Hi Pi won in the third open class, beating the Gipsy 21m. 25s. The topmast of the Nettie was carried away not long after the start—the result of a squall—and the Martha M. was recently built by Richard Wallin for ex-Commodore Nobles, led from end to end, and the Excelsior, another new boat, built by Isaac McGlehan, headed her class all the way.

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

The rowing club composed of members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange held their annual regatta on the Harlem River in all respects the affair can be set down as a complete success. The first race was for pair-oared boats, being a challenge race between A. V. De Goicouria and R. B. Harte, horse of the Exchange Club and F. Ellison and C. Oelrichs of the N. Y. Rowing Club. This race was a gift for the latter couple, whose easy victory acted as a damper on the spirits of the bulls and bears who thronged the steamer William Fletcher. A few Exchange oarsmen damaged their steering gear and didn't finish. Time for the mile, 7m. 43½s. The second event was for four-oared shells, and was won by four hundred yards by R. B. Harte, (bow), W. Murray, H. W. Nason, C. G. Peters (stroke), beating F. A. Haight (bow), J. Drake, W. A. V. De Goicouria (stroke), who led at the start, but after being headed, completely lost their grip, while the bowman carried the ship pretty much all over the river. Time, 6m. 15s. Six-oared gig contest then came on, the course, the race being taken by H. Prentice (bow), A. V. De Goicouria, T. S. Young Jr., W. L. Stowe, H. W. Nason, F. A. Haight (stroke), they leading from shortly after the start, with the opposing crew—E. Ker, W. Murray, R. B. Williams, E. A. Drake, Joel Farway. Both crews carried coxswains. No time taken.

SEAWANHAKA BOAT CLUB.

This Brooklyn Club went on their annual excursion on Thursday, June 20, the destination of the steamer General Sedgwick and accompanying barge being Columbia Grove, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I. The sporting feature of the excursion was a club regatta, several races taking place over a course about a mile long, turn. Senior single scullers first contended, the race being won by John Keppel, beating Charles Searle 24s. Time, 7m. 23½s. Junior sculls were next tried conscientiously, John V. Elliott leading all the way and winning by over three seconds from Wm. Wilson. Time, 7m. 37½s. Four-oared sculls were next pitted manned by N. Guldenkirch (bow), J. C. Muller, M. Ryan and John Keppel (stroke), while the Harry Moore crew rowed by Walter Smith (bow), L. Fisk, John McKee, and W. were about even; but then the former began to go in front, and kept the lead all the way home, the crew finishing a fashionable smack. Time, 7m. 23s. A senior pair-oared gig-race finished the sport. This was a good race, the boats having it nip-and-tuck the first half mile, and the winners—John Keppel, C. Ryan, C. D. Jones (stroke), swain)—were kept to their work all the way back, they finishing but a brief second before N. Guldenkirch, L. Fisk and John M. Rankin (coxswain). Time, 8m. 16½s. Starter, A. J. Valentine. Timekeeper, C. T. Duffy. Referee, M. J. Murray.

THE EMPIRE YACHT CLUB attempted to sail their second annual regatta on the Sound June 18, but it was a failure, not one of their twenty-eight boats which started succeeding in making the course in the prescribed time. The accompanying steamer Fort Lee towed a number of the yachts back to the anchorage, at the foot of 104th street, Harlem River. The regatta will be sailed later in the season.

HUDSON RIVER YACHT CLUB.

This city club held their sixth annual regatta June 17, over a course from off the clubhouse, foot of Seventieth street, to Yonkers and return for first, second and third-class boats, those composing the fourth class going only as far as stakeboat off Spuyten Duyvil; distance, about twenty-two and fifteen miles, respectively. They were started shortly after eleven o'clock, and drifted up stream, the wind being very light from southeast, and the tide strong flood. The result of a tedious race is given below:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed Time.	Corrected Time.
Annie Geisel	4h. 40m. 10s.	
Mechanic	Not timed.	

SECOND CLASS.

Clara S	4 47 07	4 47 07
Irene	5 06	5 03 50

THIRD CLASS.

G. B. Deane	4 51 20	4 43 35
Lydia T	4 45 30	4 43 35
O. K	4 47 45	4 47 15
Rough and Tough	5 21 20	5 16 05

FOURTH CLASS.

Gussie	5 03	4 41 02
Sophia T	3 49 26	4 46 02
Joe Elgar	3 51 48	4 46 02
Fire Bug	3 51 48	3 49 18
Ella	4 08	11 08

The Annie Geisel won in the first class, the Clara S. in the second, the George B. Deane in the third, and the Gussie in the fourth. The Clara S. also won the pennant offered as a prize to the first yacht in the second class.

BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB.

The annual regatta of this usually fortunate Brooklyn L. I., organization failed of success on Tuesday, June 18, in consequence of lack of wind, only one class being able to sail over the course in the stipulated time, and that one, the Undine, not making the run in quick time. Rain fell all the forenoon, and the outing was most disagreeable for all concerned. The course for schooners and first-class sloops extended as far as the outer bar buoy in Gedney Channel, instead of to the lightship, as usual, and the start was made from a line established in front of the Battery, the making of the first mark in eight hours were the third-class yachts, which only went as far as buoy 8½ on the outside of the Brooklyn Club) won, beating the Susie Time not taken, as the judges' steamer arrived too late. The first-class sloop Annie was the first of the other vessels to arrive, completing the course in 8h. 7m. 0s., with wind, which had been light before, died away altogether soon after the Gedney Channel buoy had been rounded. Quite a large number of ladies were aboard the club steamer Atlantic, and it was only because the committee did not wish to disappoint these venturesome fair ones that could not prevail upon Commodore Lester Wallack to accompany them in his schooner Columbia.

THE HIGGINS-BOYD RACE.

The following particulars of the race on the Thames June 5, between John Higgins of Chadwell and William Elliott of Blyth (the result of which has already appeared in the CLIPPER), for the championship, are taken from *Bell's Life*:

Elliott paddled down to his station in the "Joseph Cowen, M. P.," a new boat built for the race by Jewett of Dunedin, and a few minutes afterwards Higgins put off from East's boathouse at Putney, followed by his cutter, in which Geo. Drewitt was stationed to act as pilot. He showed up Elliott, and Boyd steered the boat. Higgins won the toss for choice of stations, chose the Middlesex side, and was rowing in the "Albert," a new boat of Swaddle & Winship's build. Elliott looked big, and did not take so well in the preliminary spin as Higgins, who never appeared in such good trim for a sculling race before, and the offers of 7 to 4 on Elliott, which were plentiful enough found more takers. When all was in readiness, amidst breathless excitement, and after Elliott had once broken away, they started for

THE RACE.

Both dashed off at a tremendous pace, and in the first minute Elliott had nearly taken 47 strokes, Higgins 46, a first stroke the same; but the nose of the Northerner's boat seemed to be a little in front, though it was difficult to tell a long way astern of the men. Up to the London Rowing Club Boat-house there was no diminution in the speed; but Higgins had dropped down to 41 and Elliott 44, against 39. He then began perceptibly to draw away, and, going under the embankment wall, increased his advantage to a length. Both began to shoot over as they approached the Point, and as they did so there appeared to be a gap of daylight between the boats, Elliott leading, and at the time it looked as if he intended to cross over into Higgins' water. The Shadwell man, however, began to pick him very hard just before they reached the side, and now and then he would put on a few strokes and come up, evidently only abiding his time. The leading sculler was then brought out towards the centre of the river again by Taylor, and all danger of a foul was averted. At the Cross Wharf Elliott was still two lengths ahead, and the time was 4m. 32s., which is a proof of the great pace the boats were travelling. Shortly after this Elliott was observed in trouble, he splashed somewhat and rolled about; still his friends thought he was all right, and a signal was given from his cutter to that effect. During this time Higgins had made one or two dashes at his man, but his stroke became slower, and Higgins came up without the slightest trouble, getting on even terms with him at the Crab and the shouts from the boards, grounds of persons at the Soap Works, on either side of the river, and on Hammersmith Bridge, were such as were rarely ever heard before. Elliott now seemed to have rowed 30 strokes to the minute, and his opponent passed under the bridge in Sm. 45sec. from the start, a trifle slower than Elliott's time when the race ceased, as Higgins, comparatively speaking, was farther away at every stroke, reaching Barnes Railway Bridge in 30min. 30sec. Elliott then being 1min. 37sec. in the rear; and finally Higgins passed under the bridge (Mr. Moore of the London Rowing Club), opposite the ship, a winner by about four lengths, his time for the whole course being 24min. 38sec., nearly two minutes before Elliott.

To say that the people on Tynesde were grievously disappointed by the result of the race does not adequately express their feeling in the matter. The North Country folks never for a moment dreamt of defeat, and when them it was announced only a few hours after the announcement by the secretary that a player has been expelled, and any player failing to enter an appeal within the time specified shall be held to have assented to the action of the club that expelled him. Any player expelled from a club prior to the adoption of these amendments may, if his expulsion has not already been approved of by the Judiciary Committee of this Association, appeal from the sentence, provided such appeal is made within thirty days from the date of the secretary's receipt of the amendments from the Judiciary Committee. The secretary, upon receiving notice of the appeal, shall inform the club which ordered the expulsion of the fact, stating the grounds of appeal, and calling upon it for a statement of the charges against the player, with the evidence in support of the same, all of which, with the evidence of the expelled player and the documents connected therewith, must be forwarded without delay to the members of the Judiciary Committee, who shall have power to confirm or cancel the action of the club.

Should a club refuse to make a statement of the charges upon which it expelled a player, when called upon to do so by the secretary, or should it neglect to reply within thirty days, giving the required information, the appeal of the Committee, who shall proceed to pass judgment upon the case according to the evidence presented to them. In the event of the club that ordered the expulsion of a player having disbanded or disaffiliated with the date of such expulsion and the reception of the notice of appeal by the secretary, it shall be sufficient for the latter to address the notice that a appeal has been entered, with the charges for a copy of the charges and evidence as may be hereinbefore required, to the president or secretary of the last club to which the player belonged, and in the event of such club refusing or neglect to answer the notice, the player shall be declared shall be held to be a refusal or neglect on the part to the members of the Judiciary Committee, stating the circumstances of the failure to obtain the charges and evidence. The Judiciary Committee will have power to deal with the case as provided in the next preceding sub-section. All statements made and evidence given are to be under oath, and signed by the parties making the same.

INTERNATIONAL B. B. ASSOCIATION,
COLUMBUS, O., June 17, 1878.

This is to certify that the above and foregoing has been adopted as Section 2 of Article V of the Constitution of this Association, in the manner provided by said Constitution, and will hereafter be incorporated and obeyed as such.

JAS. WILLIAMS, Sec. I. B. B. A.

THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Yale vs. Princeton.

The admirers of the game in the metropolis seldom have an opportunity afforded them of witnessing a meeting between crack college nines, but when they do they readily patronize them when they are informed of the time and place of the contest in season. Had the New York public been made aware of the meeting of the nines of Yale and Princeton Colleges, as they should have been, and had the match taken place on one of the regular professional days, two thousand people in the place of less than three hundred who wended their way to the comparatively unknown grounds of the Knickerbocker Club at Hoboken would have patronized for professional meetings or gate-money matches as they should make adequate arrangements to be made somewhere where the patrons of the game can be duly accommodated with seats, such as the Union Grounds in Brooklyn afford, and not select a place like the Polo Grounds, Cricket Ground, which is only fitted for amateur playing before a few hundred spectators.

The match between Yale and Princeton, played at Hoboken June 21, was the third of the series between the two clubs, each having won one game. We saw before expected to see an exhibition of baseball skill at the hands of two such noted nines as those of Yale and Princeton; but, certain it is, the contest as a whole greatly disappointed us, proving to be a very tedious and uninteresting one after the first inning, though in exceptional instances some fine play was exhibited.

The pitching, though fine, was not propitious, inasmuch as the wind blew strongly from centre field to the catcher, being dead against the ball when batted to the centre field, and on a portion of the cricket-field, its infield presented a beautiful appearance, from which every ground-ball should have been picked up. The outfield was bad for the centre and right fielders, the latter's position especially being infested by the stand erected for the athletic games, and by the rough ground outside the walking-track. The game was called for 1 P. M., but it was not until 1.25 that it was commenced. The two nines appeared on the field in their respective club-uniforms of orange and blue, and in their preliminary practice appeared to be in good form. The position of the teams in the arena was a peculiar one—the Yales having defeated the Harvards twice, and only needed to win one game to secure the championship, but with Princeton they could not afford to lose, as the latter had the deciding contest. If Princeton should happen to win, a very interesting pool would arise as to which nine would be entitled to the championship honors under such circumstances. As it happened, there was no opportunity afforded for the introduction of a new cause, Yale winning the game with ease.

THE GAME.

At 1.25 Yale sent in Hutchinson at the bat to the fielding and catching of Furman and Bond, the latter of whom at once took advantage of the new and lively ball to catch the first fly-ball batted to the right-fielder; and, had it not been for the wind, he would have done so. The first striker, however, was the inimitable Hutchinson, who, after allowing three thousand persons disregarded the inclemency of the weather and paid their admission fee, had to the lake. They were rewarded for their risk taken, too, for the contest was a quite stubbornly contested in nearly every inning, the strong but light Dauntless and the Faulkner-Reagan two-oared gig race to their list of victories, the Clara S. in the second, the George B. Deane in the third, and the Gussie in the fourth. The Clara S. also won the pennant offered as a prize to the first yacht in the second class.

SILVER LAKE REGATTA.

The Dauntless Crew Win the Sixes—Faulkner-Reagan the Fours—Lakeman Club the Working-boat Race—Plaisted the Sculls.

Like the preceding regatta held under the same auspices on Decoration-day, the second series of boat-races gotten up this season by the Eastern Rowing Association on Silver Lake, Plymouth, Mass., were decided during a rainstorm on Monday, June 17; however, was the interest displayed by the thousand persons disregarded the inclemency of the weather and paid their admission fee to the lake. They were rewarded for the risk taken, too, for the contests were quite stubbornly contested in nearly every inning, the strong but light Dauntless and the Faulkner-Reagan two-oared gig race to their list of victories, the Clara S. in the second, the George B. Deane in the third, and the Gussie in the fourth. The Clara S. also won the pennant offered as a prize to the first yacht in the second class.

BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB.

The annual regatta of this usually fortunate Brooklyn, L. I., organization failed of success on Tuesday, June 18, in consequence of lack of wind, only one class being able to sail over the course in the stipulated time, and that one, the Undine, not making the run in quick time. Rain fell all the forenoon, and the outing was most disagreeable for all concerned. The course for schooners and first-class sloops extended as far as the outer bar buoy in Gedney Channel, instead of to the lightship, as usual, and the start was made from a line established in front of the Battery, the making of the first mark in eight hours were the third-class yachts, which only went as far as buoy 8½ on the outside of the Brooklyn Club) won, beating the Susie Time not taken, as the judges' steamer arrived too late. The first-class sloop Annie was the first of the other vessels to arrive, completing the course in 8h. 7m. 0s., with wind, which had been light before, died away altogether soon after the Gedney Channel buoy had been rounded. Quite a large number of ladies were aboard the club steamer Atlantic, and it was only because the committee did not wish to disappoint these venturesome fair ones that could not prevail upon Commodore Lester Wallack to accompany them in his schooner Columbia.

SIX-OARED RACE.

Open to all amateur crews, rowing either shells or gigs, with or without coxswain; *Boston Herald* Cup; three miles, turn.

Dauntless Club, New York—Dyer Pearl, bow, 126lb; Wm. S. Ridabock, 126; C. Knapp, 138; W. G. Demarest, 145; H. W. Walker, 145; Jos. Doyle Jr., stroke, 115; John Doyle Jr., stroke, 65. Paper gig, 160ft.

City Point, Boston—Wm. Kenny, bow, 148lb; H. P. Phillips, 155; H. W. Hall, 160; John F. Brown, 165; John Sheil, 170; Wm. Kenny, jr., stroke, 147. Cedar *Shawmut, Boston*—C. H. McLaughlin, bow, 148lb; J. E. Rd. Hayden, 147; T. J. Sullivan, stroke, 140. Cedar shell, 160lb.

Narragansetts, Providence—A. C. Tingley, bow, 150lb; S. B. Hayes, 140; Henry Colwell, 160; ——— Mallou, 170; Clinton Dale, 165; J. S. Waterman, stroke, 150. Cedar shell, 160lb.

Lakeman, Boston—J. Barry, stroke, 125lb; M. Higgins, 130; E. Kelley, 143; J. Burns, 120; E. Flinn, 120; J. Snyder, ——. Cedar shell, 175lb.

The Dauntless boys were a little slow in getting away, but, once in swing, they commenced to pick up rapidly, and it was soon evident that the race would lie between them and the City Point crew, who were pulling a slightly slower stroke, the Shawmuts' forty-five to the minute carrying them to the front after passing the grand stand a mile and a quarter from the start, four, far out of their course, were leading, the New-Yorkers hanging on to their hind-quarters. A severe struggle between these crews resulted in the Dauntless getting to their stake a quarter of a length ahead; and, making a beautiful turn, while the Cityites went round their own stake and the one ahead, they came for home with an advantage of three good lengths. The Shawmuts made the turn as far behind the City Point four, and a struggle for second place between the Hole-Islanders, who were in different starting, in the face of which mistake they managed to row through the breaking of the steering gear soon after pulling it. The Lakeman crew were early out of the race, finishing a hopeless stern race. After getting with renewed vigor, and a quarter of a mile from home reduced the Cityites lead to a length; but nearer home that they could not get the Dauntless men backing with a splendidly and baffling the plucky efforts of the Bostonians, who breathed their exertions toward the finish, which they reached two lengths ahead of the Shawmuts.

FOUR-OARED SHELLS.

Open to all, $200 to first, $100 to second, three miles, turn.

Boston, Union—David Gallagher, bow, 141lb; Geo. H. Hosmer, 151; Patrick Reagan, 149; Patrick Reagan, stroke, 151½. Cedar boat, 135lb.

Mahanoy creek, Boston—M. Mahoney, bow, 170lb; Matt O'Brien, ——; James Conwell, 160; James Flannery, stroke, 170. Cedar boat, 143lb.

Lowell, A.—D. F. Sullivan, bow, 152lb; D. D. Driscoll, 153; J. Lambert, 141; E. Lambert, stroke, 142. Pine boat, 135lb.

Union Crew, Portland, Me.—M. F. Davis, bow, 148lb; P. O'Leary, 158; T. E. Hartnett, 144; Florry Driscoll, stroke, 167. Cedar boat, 160lb.

The boat used by the Lowells was the one built by Blakey for them in 1876, and that rowed by them in the four-oared race with Elliott shell in which the New York crew pulled in the Centennial regatta. They went off evenly and kept well together for three-quarters of a mile, when the Faulkner-Reagans began to take a more decided lead, Mahoneys next and the Union last. In this way the stake-boats were made; but Faulkner did not turn his boat around as handsomely as is his wont, giving the rivals a wide a berth that they could pointed for home, they had to hold up in order to avoid collision with the Portsiders as they went for their turning-stake. This stoppage enabled the Mahoneys to secure a good lead, and a quarter of a mile from home had an advantage of upwards of a length open water, though the Bostons were gradually gaining, which the latter continued to do after they laid themselves down three-quarters of a mile from home. Then the favorites began to go to the front, the utmost exertions of the Mahoneys to hold them in proving beautiful spurts of the latter gamey quartet finally used them up, and the Bostons won quite easily by over two lengths, the Lowells being about four lengths to the rear of the Mahoney four, and eight or nine lengths before the Unions.

FOUR-OARED WORKING-BOATS.

Open to all; $150 to first, $50 to second; three miles, turn.

Lakeman, Boston—C. Bolton, bow, 144lb; Sylvester Gookin, 170; R. J. Bolton, 190; W. Henry, stroke, 166. 1

Chelsea B. C., Boston—J. W. Hearn, bow, 142lb; M. Argus, 165; C. Delano, 167; H. Delano, stroke, 168. 2

Howard House, Boston—Abe House, bow, 148lb; F. H. McLaughlin, 174; D. McDivitt, 160; T. McDivitt, stroke, 152. 3

Lakeman No. 2—Peter Mulhern, bow, 148lb; John Rosetta, 170; John E. Fitzgerald, stroke, 178. 4

Lynn R. A.—James Tully, bow, 122lb; John Bulger, 147; James Carroll, 145¾; Wm. Buckley, stroke, 122. 5

Riverside, Boston—M. Crowley, bow, 145lb; M. Griffin, 155; J. Burke, 160; ——, stroke, 163. 6

Riverside No. 2—R. W. Walsh, bow, 158lb; ——, 158; J. Connanagan, 143; J. J. Curley, stroke, 143. 7

Atlantic B. C., Boston—C. Hayes, bow, 130lb; P. J. Reagan, 140; D. J. Donovan, 160; E. J. Butler, stroke, 150. 8

A great expectations had been formed in regard to this event, and a very spirited struggle was looked for between the Chelseas and Lakemans, but these anticipations failed of realization, for, although the race was worth looking at for a fifth part of the distance, the Lakemans then went away from their opponents so easily as to deprive the contest of interest, and they accordingly achieved the victory by twenty-seven seconds, with strength in reserve, the Howe crew finishing a little more than twelve seconds behind the Chelseas, and leading the Lakeman No. 2 about the same. Time, 19m. 55s.

SINGLE-SCULL RACE.

Open to all; $150 to first, $100 to second, $50 to third; three miles, turn.

Fred A. Plaisted, 150lb, New York.....1
John A. Kennedy, 140, Portland.....2
Michael Lynch, 140, Salem.....3
F. A. Johnson, 159, Boston.....4
David Kennedy, 146¾, Lowell.....5
R. L. Williams, 112, Lowell.....6

The victory achieved by Johnson over Riley on this same water so short a time previously naturally caused him to be looked upon as the man most likely to reach the mile mark in the van; but Plaisted had supporters who thought very well of his chances for first prize. Johnson and Kennedy of Portland showed ahead at the send-off, but Plaisted directly gave them the go-by, and, pulling a slashing stroke, kept increasing his lead until at the mile mark he held an advantage of a couple of lengths, to which he added three more in the next half mile. All the way down there had been waged a fierce fight between Johnson and Kennedy, the latter proving a much more formidable customer than "Frenchy" having bargained for; and this, coupled with the splendid swing he was pulling, Fred had left him in the lurch, conduced to confuse the Canadian sculler, who, as he and Kennedy came to the stakes at almost a dead-heat, and consequent loss of time in turning the latter's stake in the opposite direction to turn the latter's stake in the opposite direction to turn the latter's stake in the opposite direction to turn

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STARRED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, June 24.

LADIES' LIST.

Archer, Lottie
Allen, Madam (glass blower)
Avery, Carrie
Armond, Arsena
Anderson, G. J. (comedian)
Adams, Lucy
Allen, Chas. G
Alexander, W. H. (of Lewis' Co.)
Avery & Lazar
Allison, Chas. (of Rignold's Co.)
Aaron, Johnny
Aiken, Geo. W
Anderson, W. C.
Barlow, M. G.
Boyle, Johnny
Belfast, Irel.)
Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West
Brennan, H. S.
Bell, John (of Haverly's Tn. Chicago)
Blanchard, Harry (musician)
Borst, W. H. (2)
Brown, Allison
Bee, Chas.
Boyd, Charlie
Bush, I. T.
Bemel, Emel
Baker, Theodore
Bernard, Harry
Bohee Bros.
Barlow, Wilson, P. & West's Agent
Boucicault, Dion
Barnum, H.
Bell, Frank
Browne, J. G. (corn-nettist)
Bennett, Frank
Boyd, Wm. A. (manager)
Brown, Col. T. A.
Cook, Jno.
Carroll, R. M.
Constantine, Harry
Cooper, Marney
Carvell, Harry
Collins, Harry L.
Carrara, Fred
Campbell, J. W. R.
Campbell, Wallie &c.
Carhart, J. L.
Cowles, W. H.
Campbell, Bartley
Cooper, Lew
Clarke, Delos W.
Clarke, Kit (4)
Cecil, A. A.
Charvat, Frank
Cooper, Jno.
Cooper & Bailey
Cole, Wm (of Monroe's Side-show)
Dupree, C. H.
Dupree, C. H.
Dixon, W. J.
Doane, G. L.
Doane, G. L.
Duffield, H. S.
Dickeson, Jr., Mr. (p o m Londen, Eng.)
Derrick, Chas.
Dare, M. C. (gymnast)
Dowling, J. J. (3) &c.
Devere Bros.
Dockstetter, C. R.
Denier, John
Dixon, T. B.
Dougherty, Hughey &c.
De Haven, Claude
Dion, Harry (late of Baltimore)
Dearin, Sam
Devere, Ralph
"Erin"
Emmerson, Frank (irish)
Emerson, Billy (2)
Emidy, Jos.
Elliott, R. Fisher (3)
Earon, G. W.
Freise, A. (2)
Fish, Chas. E. (gymnast)
Fields, Wm. (comedian)
Fraser, Robt. (clown)
Florance, W. J.
Franckum, Geo.
Forrester, Wm.
Fontaine, Mr. (contortionist)
Fostelle, Signor
Flynn, Jno.
Evans, John (musician)
Finney, Wm. H.
Ferrayra, Don (flu teist)
Gaston, Albert
Goroux, Prof. R.
Grover, B. H.
Guy, Geo. & Wm.
Gulick, J. of Dup. & Sen. Circuit
Gale, Walter
Gardner, F. A.
Grady, Richd. (side show "biz")
Goodyear, Chas.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Green Berry, Agent Howe's Circus; Mr. Van Wormer, Agent Pauline Markham's Co.; Mr. De Haven, Manager Dimurska's Co.; Thos. Wallace, Manager Tennessee Jubilee Singers; Grace V. Ormsoll, of Hyer Sisters Co.; B. B. Moiles, of Parle Circus; John W. Lucas, with Hyer Sisters; Mr. Byers, Manager of the Hyer Sisters; Julia Bailey, of Uncle Tom's Cabin Co.; Jessie Proctor, of Mississipian Troupe; Charley J. Cromwell, with Continental Singers; and Gus Herwig, of Barlow Minstrels.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, June 24, '78.

Slowly but surely extensive preparations for the coming Fall and Winter campaign are being made in this city and elsewhere, and the indications are that the campaign will open with unusually strong attractions, managers beginning to fully comprehend the fact that a good start has very much to do with the prosperity of the season. And so realizing this truth, excellent cards will be put forward at once on the wave of new plays or stars of great calibre, backed up by fair stock support, and a careful attention to scenic effects and other valuable auxiliary aid. It seems to be understood that rich and gorgeous costumes are to be worn, and the advantages with which leading lady stars are to be introduced during the approaching theatrical term, valuable importations from London and Paris already being on their way to this country to inaugurate the "grand openings." In the seasons past a few actresses relied upon their diamonds to assist in carrying the wearers along successfully, but it is possible that the precious-gem theory is at an end, and diamonds unsupported by merit are played out. We are supported by a trifle fastidious in our tastes since the tidal-wave of hard times struck us; and though we view with pride the beautiful female form arrayed in gorgeous apparel, and gaze with awe and wonder upon the pretty picture placed before us, nevertheless we have reached that state where something more than a beautiful face, something more than Worth's dresses, may be necessary to enlist our support and approval. The coming woman and the coming man must be imbued with a modicum, at least, of dramatic ability and a fair understanding of the characters they are called upon to impersonate. And managers may do well to bear in mind that their companies must be composed of good material, so that, if a star should disappoint by reason of indisposition and a physician's certificate, the stock may be brought forward in some standard play, and thus, to a certain extent, annul the injurious effects likely to follow the enforcement of a case of sickness and inability to perform. And the scene-painter should be kept busy. If the people are to be presented in store-clothes of the latest fashion, it will not do to exhibit them in rusty old drawing-rooms, furnished with rickety chairs and tables and articles of similar unconfortableness. If the manager has gone to the expense of procuring new plays and new people, he must, to carry out the delusion [De-lusion? Well, we cannot just now think of anything better], give his parlors and reception-rooms fresh coatings of paint, and furniture to suit the time and the occasion. It is well to bestow a thought or two upon such matters while theatres are closed and people are idle. A little preliminary work now, and a little attention to things to come, may prevent confusion and trouble when the opening night has been reached. Some well-informed writer, who seems to have been a student of human nature, declares that "procrastination is the thief of time;" and yet, here we to chide some of our managers and some of our actors for their dilitoriness and procrastination, they might take pardonable offense at our well-meant reminder, and say that they "know their own business best," which it is probably no business of ours to dispute; but, having the welfare of the profession at heart, and being desirous of seeing everything work smoothly at the beginning of a new campaign, we may be excused for volunteering a little inexpensive advice. Another thing, there will be an extraordinary effort made to bring music to the front next season, and this fact must not be lost sight of by dramatic managers. There will be a few actresses to whom the precious-gem theory is at an end, and diamonds unsupported by merit are played out. We are supported by a trifle fastidious in our tastes since the tidal-wave of hard times struck us; and though we view with pride the beautiful female form arrayed in gorgeous apparel, and gaze with awe and wonder upon the pretty picture placed before us, nevertheless we have reached that state where something more than a beautiful face, something more than Worth's dresses, may be necessary to enlist our support and approval. The coming woman and the coming man must be imbued with a modicum, at least, of dramatic ability and a fair understanding of the characters they are called upon to impersonate. 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It is well to bestow a thought or two upon such matters while theatres are closed and people are idle. A little preliminary work now, and a little attention to things to come, may prevent confusion and trouble when the opening night has been reached. Some well-informed writer, who seems to have been a student of human nature, declares that "procrastination is the thief of time;" and yet, here we to chide some of our managers and some of our actors for their dilitoriness and procrastination, they might take pardonable offense at our well-meant reminder, and say that they "know their own business best," which it is probably no business of ours to dispute; but, having the welfare of the profession at heart, and being desirous of seeing everything work smoothly at the beginning of a new campaign, we may be excused for volunteering a little inexpensive advice. Another thing, there will be an extraordinary effort made to bring music to the front next season, and this fact must not be lost sight of by dramatic managers. There will be sight of by dramatic managers. There will be three or four first-class opera troupes in the field next Fall, with stars of magnitude in each company, and a repertory of lyric compositions of a very high order. Should the managers of such troupes have the forethought to keep their scale of prices at reasonable figures, they may prove a somewhat formidable opposition to the legitimate drama—so this must be taken into consideration by managers while thinking out ideas for their guidance in the future. And it may be well to bear in mind that the blondes are by no means out of the race; on the contrary, they will come again in their might and beauty and attractiveness—some troupes will be augmented by fresh lovelinness from abroad, a number of managers and agents traveling through Europe at the present time seeking for new fair faces and model forms. They will be here anon, and those managers who gather bouquets of the rarest lovelinees and present them to public notice "at prices to suit," will not have labored in vain. The present outlook is bright with artistic beauty, and really more encouraging than was the prospect twelve months ago..... And even in this period of dullness and quiet and possible recreation, our professional friends are not unmindful of the claims of those among them who are "out of the cast" by reason of sickness, and are forging to the front in their behalf. Now, the other night, Joseph Norrie, Esq., in view of the rumors about a general railroad strike, called up his question: "Why is a young lady like a locomotive?" For some unexplained reason Mister H. Dougherty undertook to reply, but he got off the track altogether, and in charity we ought to suppose that he misunderstood the previous question, for he argued as if it were a criminal case engaging the attention of the Court of Appeals, when nothing of the kind was ever thought of. One of his sentences was actually longer than any single one of Secretary Evarts', who has heretofore been looked upon as the champion sentence-man. Every person in the house could see that Mister Dougherty was wrong, and his confreres felt sadly over his contretemps, yet they were powerless to put him down. Now, why does Mr. Bryant permit this? [No, Jimmy; that was *Cullen* Bryant, who lately deceased; the gentleman referred to is Neil, now in his *prime*.] Why does he not impress upon our space, and the labors of H. Dougherty, to rehearse during the day? There was no reason why he should have misunderstood the question, for Mr. Norrie's language was plain, clear and forcible, and admitted of no such construction as that put upon it by the Member from the Sixth. We are getting tired of being compelled to point out inexcusable discrepancies to our professional friends. .....Many people not in that sort of business are "going up in balloons," in these hard times, in order to assist them to make both ends meet. And here we desire to say that Professor Wise is credited with having made more than three hundred balloon ascensions. We should advise all aronauts to "go and do *like Wise!*".....It is eminently proper that Niblo's Garden should have such an experienced Gardner to lay out its plots and arrange its many borders and landscapes in proper order. And this reminds us of

A FRESH JOKE.

Upon the Niblo's Garden stage
Miss *Bessie Turner*, fair,
Must feel decidedly at sea,
For there's a *Tilton* there!

.....Music and flowers form a rare and attractive combination. It is to the addition of the horticultural display at Gilmore's Garden last week that the improved attendance should be credited. The "off nights" of the flowers were likewise the off nights of the people!.....Why this invidiousness? An actor directs our attention to the fact, and wants to know *why* so much is said about the *man flute* and so little about *the man flyte?* We have a rod in *pickle* on for this querist. ["That's the queer-ist," eh, J.].....Our research has interested in learning that the complaint lodged against Edward Arnott for lodging his cane against Brother Montgomery Throop Jr., noticed in last week's CLIPPER, has been dismissed by the Grand Jury Thus is Edward avenged!..... But that has nothing to do with the breach-of-promise case against Max Strakosch. That has *not* been dismissed. *He* roams in other lands, while *she* bides her time at home.

O Strakosch! remember wherever you be,
Clementina, the wronged one, is waiting for thee!

"And don't you forget it!".....Come with us friends, even unto "The Rialto" in fourteenth street, and thou shalt listen to the voices of the players, as they are anxiously awaiting to see themselves well bestowed as the brief chroniclers of the times. Let us hope that the past Winter of their discontent may find its antidote in glorious Summer's contracts. But, prithee, list, while we move

AMONG THE ACTORS.

No longer nightly playing to "enthusiastic houses,"
No longer dressed in silken tights, but ordinary trousers,
The leading lady favorites of the year can now be seen
In active groups on Union-square, from ten o'clock to three.

"I know the season's early, but I haven't had a bid."
"*I* said myself this morning, and I'm sorry now I did."
"That Western circuit laid me out—I've got a dreadful cough."
"Well, Harry, how's Chicago? Holy Moses! Take it off."
"His wife *would* play legitimate—she treats him like a brute."
"I did n't start too well, my boy, *that's* why I didn't suit."
"He 'jumped' the show at New Orleans, he couldn't get his pay."
"I'll give a third of Friday night, and half the matinee."
"I'm strong throughout the South and West; they should have had me 'starred.'"
"They didn't have a *corporal* in, not mentioning his *guard.*"
"We pitch against 'em for a week—I tell you there was war."
"Well, he's the most un-funny clown I think I *ever* saw."
Here managers appear in force to greet the wandering "stars,"
Here Thespians of the gentler sex pass by with their mammas.
It seems to you a meeting-place for merriment and chat,
But there is "business" in it all, you may be sure of that!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

John E. Owens, now at his residence in Maryland, contemplates entering next season upon a tour around the world that shall cover a period of two years, and be his farewell to the stage.....John T. Raymond has deferred his departure for Europe until July 6.....Mlle. Marie Roze will remain in this country this Summer, visiting the chief watering-places. She has entered into a contract with Messrs. Hathaway & Pond to give a series of concerts in October and November next.....Max Strakosch proposes to lease Drury-lane Theatre, London, for a season of opera next Spring, at which time he will also give a season at Booth's Theatre, this city.....The Lexington Theatre, on Lexington avenue between Eighty-third and Eighty-fourth streets, this city, was raided on the night of June 17, upon the plea that it violated the law in giving theatrical representations without a license. It was located in a barn, the admission-fee was two cents, with five for orchestra seats and ten for private-boxes, and the performers were about thirty girls and boys, ranging in age from eight years to fourteen. The manager, Harry Clarke, agreed to pay a fine of.....Ferdinand Dulcken, pianist and composer, is to be the conductor for next Autumn's concert tour by Marie Roze, Mme. Carmen-Pisani, W. T. Carleton and Sig. Frapoli.....In the suit of Daniel H. Harkins against Augustin Daly, in the Court of Common Pleas, this city, Judge Van Hoesen on June 17 denied a motion to put the action on the short-cause calendar. Mr. Harkins claims that, as a member of the Fifth-avenue Theatre company from Sept. 15, 1874, to May 22, 1877, his aggregate salary was $21,000, of which he received only $17,569.35. He sues for the remainder, $3,430.65, and for $5,000 damages. Daly denies the indebtedness.....Prof. Otto Kline, cornet soloist, who had played in this city for years, has joined the old Utica (N. Y.) Band.....Max Fischer, treasurer of De Bar's, St. Louis, left that city a few days ago on a pleasure-trip to Europe.....The Hutchinson Family are to to sing in Buffalo, N. Y., June 27.....Adelaide Lennox repeated her sensational lecture on "The Stage As It Is," at Chickering Hall, this city, June 17.....Parlo and London are praising a young female violin-player, Tadwega de Bulewski by name. She is a Pole, and is accompanied by her elder sister, Wanda, who plays the piano.....Lawrence Barrett is slowly recovering from his recent severe illness.....A new dramatic opera by C. A. Mangold, called "Barbarossa's Erwachen" (Barbarossa's Waking), has been played with great success at Darmstadt, Freilgrath's song, "Hurrah, Germania," is introduced in it as a solo and chorus, and at one place Barbarossa is metamorphosed into Kaiser Wilhelm, and the soldiers of the late Franco-German war cross the stage to a fine Kaiser march.....John A. Hand, musician and composer, has been chosen leader of the Chicago Orchestra.....At Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, on June 18, Neil Warner delivered a well-considered lecture upon "The Church and the Stage."..... The Turner Mennerchor of Cincinnati elected the following officers on the 18th inst.: President, William Stecher; secretary, Schneider; treasurer, Charles Schreiber; librarian, Ed. Eberling; first leader, William Ecker; and second leader, J. Stemmler.....Amongst the new pieces Maierosi's new plays for next season will be a translation of "Raffaella," by Leopoldo Marenco, Italian dramatist.....Miss Gertrude Johnson, a Charleston (S. C.) lady, is coming to this city to prepare for a theatrical debut under the tuition of George Vandenhoff.....William Wheatley, secretary of the Goldsmith & Wheatley Manufacturing Co., on June 20 married Anna Cora Russell, youngest daughter of Salem T. Russell the banker. The ceremony took place at All-souls' Church, Fourth avenue and Twentieth street, this city. The groom is the son of the late William Wheatley, actor and manager.....Messrs. John Kelly, Augustus Schell, Erastus Brooks, and others, who, as trustees of *The Express* of this city, have been sued for $50,000 damages by Louis Jennings, husband of the actress once well known as Madeline Henriques, have filed an answer substantially reiterating all that they had published in the alleged libel of March 6, 1878. They show fight, and set forth that the plaintiff, aside from living shocks upon corporations with whom he had deposited no funds, and apart from ill-treating his wife, had pawned her jewelry to pay his gambling debts. The mother of Mrs. Jennings has since published a card refuting the stories as to her daughter having been ill-treated, and there is a growing impression that the defendants to the libel suit have asserted more than they can prove....John J. Decker and David Decker (Decker Brothers) have sued Myron A. Decker and John C. Barnes (Decker & Barnes) to restrain them from using the name of the Decker piano, or in any way imitating the trade-mark of the Decker Brothers. The plaintiffs claim that they had established a right in the name of the Decker piano, and a value in it, and that the defendants seek to mislead the public by selling their pianos as pianos made by the plaintiffs. The defendants deny any such intent to mislead the public, and claim the right to use the firm name, or the name of any member of the firm. The case is now on trial before Judge Donohue, in Supreme Court, Special Term, this city.....Dr. Hopkins Keep of Brooklyn, N. Y., and husband of Miss Ida Savory the actress, has been successful in his suits against his father, Dr. Lester Keep of the same city. They involved money loaned and real-estate.....The paternal heart of W. J. Hill, the English comedian, who is also known in this country, has just been made glad by the advent of a miniature Venus.....The mother of J. C. Williamson died in Chicago, Ill., on June 18.....As "things go by contraries," the Hornet's Nest," which paled in the States in presence of the extravagances of Sothern as "The Crushed Tragedian," may be set down as a success in London, where "The C. T." failed. Let us see what the mail will say about "The Hornet's Nest," which Sothern is now playing in the English metropolis.....Mme. Rudersdorff, of operatic renown, is now a farmer in Berlin. But she lives in Massachusetts. It is said of her that she rises at five A. M. and sets to work hoeing, and that her dairy products and garden-truck command higher prices than those of her neighbors.....In the day of Shakespeare and Jonson, it was the custom to pay a dollar for "Where art thou now, my beloved?" and other popular ballads, which elicited liberal applause. The sketch of "The Mischievous Monkey," in which Hughey Dougherty acted the Weary Traveler and Billy Bryant the Landlord, enabled Little Mac to display his rare skill in impersonating a monkey. In his grand leap, leaping over the table, he provoked shouts of merriment. Eddie Fox played a solo on the violin quite commendably, and gave several imitations which were deservedly applauded. A rattling burlesque founded upon "The Widow's Victim," and entitled "Summer Actors (some are not)," in which the principal performers took part, sent the spectators to their homes in the best of humor.

J. K. EMMET continued his entertaining impersonation of Fritz in the Standard Theatre last week to a good attendance. On Thursday night the Independent Fusileers, a military company of Boston, Mass., who tarried in our city a day or two, and had received a complimentary invitation from Valley Forge, where they had taken part in the recent centennial celebration, and several members of the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., whose guests they were, attended the performances. The auditorium and vestibule were appropriately decorated with military emblems and banners in honor of their visit.

THE FITZGERALD SOCIAL CLUB was organized June 17, when the following officers were elected: George J. Deagle, president; John R. Lane, vice-president; D. Fuller, recording secretary; A. Fundy, financial secretary; J. C. Horton, sergeant-at-arms, with J. Thorton as assistant. The club is composed of professionals, and its members now number fifty. Their rooms are at 63 East Twelfth street. A register is kept, upon which it is requested that all male professionals should register their names and addresses.

AMONG RECENT DEPARTURES for Europe may be mentioned those of Charles Barnes (Decker & Barnes) to restrain Decker and John C. Barnes (Decker & Barnes) to restrain them from using the name of the Decker piano, or in any way imitating the trade-mark of the Decker Brothers. The plaintiffs claim that they had established a right in the name of the Decker piano, and a value in it, and that the defendants seek to mislead the public by selling their pianos as pianos made by the plaintiffs. The defendants deny any such intent to mislead the public, and claim the right to use the firm name, or the name of any member of the firm. The case is now on trial before Judge Donohue, in Supreme Court, Special Term, this city.....Dr. Hopkins Keep of Brooklyn, N. Y., and husband of Miss Ida Savory the actress, has been successful in his suits against his father, Dr. Lester Keep of the same city. They involved money loaned and real-estate.....The paternal heart of W. J. Hill, the English comedian, who is also known in this country, has just been made glad by the advent of a miniature Venus.....The mother of J. C. Williamson died in Chicago, Ill., on June 18.....As "things go by contraries," the Hornet's Nest," which paled in the States in presence of the extravagances of Sothern as "The Crushed Tragedian," may be set down as a success in London, where "The C. T." failed. Let us see what the mail will say about "The Hornet's Nest," which Sothern is now playing in the English metropolis.....Mme. Rudersdorff, of operatic renown, is now a farmer in Berlin. But she lives in Massachusetts. It is said of her that she rises at five A. M. and sets to work hoeing, and that her dairy products and garden-truck command higher prices than those of her neighbors.....In the day of Shakespeare and Jonson, it was the custom to pay a dollar for "Where art thou now, my beloved?" and other popular ballads, which elicited liberal applause. The sketch of "The Mischievous Monkey," in which Hughey Dougherty acted the Weary Traveler and Billy Bryant the Landlord, enabled Little Mac to display his rare skill in impersonating a monkey. In his grand leap, leaping over the table, he provoked shouts of merriment. Eddie Fox played a solo on the violin quite commendably, and gave several imitations which were deservedly applauded. A rattling burlesque founded upon "The Widow's Victim," and entitled "Summer Actors (some are not)," in which the principal performers took part, sent the spectators to their homes in the best of humor.

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CARRIE WENTWORTH and Josephine Shanley will open at the Tivoli Garden, Pittsburg, Pa., June 24. Ed. and Maggie Barnes and Al. Henderson remain next week, and go to Baltimore July 1. The Allen Sisters closed 22. A variety company, to be known as the Duncan Sisters' Novelty Troupe, is being organized here, and will be composed in part of the following persons: Harry Montague, Duncan Sisters, Allen Sisters, Miles Morris, Mabel Grey, and Billy Maloney. The initial performance will be given at Erie, Pa., 24.....Manager H. W. Williams returned from Philadelphia several days ago, and is now enjoying a rest.....Mons. and Madame D'Omer took a benefit at Harry Williams' Academy of Music 19. Those participating in the performances were generally amateurs, and did not attract a large audience. D'Omer is now proprietor of a place in Allegheny City, which he has named D'Omer's London Music Hall of America. Advices of June 22.

CINCINNATI VARIETY ITEMS to June 22 are as appended: "The Brennans and Captain George Liable in a lively musical sketch, 'Begone Dull Care,' and Johnny Shay, a humorous comedian, were the newcomers at Heuck's 17, where business continues good. Departures 22: Ethel Lynton, to join Adah Richmond; Babby McDonald, James McDonald and Sanford and Wilson, to open 19: William Arlington, Harry Macarthy, Irene Sexton.....Eva Bennett, vocalist; Lizzie Mulvey, song-and-dance; James Reilley, change vocalist; Charles Maurittius and Young Ocie, gymnasts; and Charles W. Young, comedian, opened 19 at Mechlickinger's; and Nellie Mason, Maurittius and Ocie, C. W. Young and James Reilly closed 22. An original sketch by C. N. Richardson, entitled 'The Phunnygraph' proved quite a feature. New people 24: Clifton and Fox, Tommy Turner and Lulu Francis.....Bob Milligan, song-and-dance; Ada Adair, vocalist and dancer; and Bertha Bigle, balladist, were new 17 at the Eldorado. Big fair. Departures: Eugene and Minnie Carlsworth and Barker and Reels. The Crimmins Brothers, Charles Harris and Lottie Gray open 24.....The new faces 17 at the White House embraced Kelly and Hughes, Ari Holston, Pat Collins and Annie Florence.....The Pearl Sisters, Griffin and McCarty, Frank St. Clair and Ed. Howard are playing at Guhman's.....Those new 17 at the Olympic comprised Curtis Lee, stage manager; George W. Woods, comedian; John Harris, comedian; Billy Diamond, comedian; the Milrose Sisters, clever children, in sketches; and Carrie Berger, vocalist.....The Hamilton Sisters, assisted by Charles N. Richardson, comedian, gave an entertainment in Avondale 19 to a good house.....Wood's Theatre is being torn down. The chairs, scenery, etc., were bought by Messrs. Heuck and Harf, the latter for the Lookout Theatre on the hill.....Charley Shay has reorganized his Quincuplexal as a tent show, and intends starting out early in July, traveling at first by boat along the Miami and Wabash canals."

GEO. DEMPSTER, late stage-manager, has retired from the Atlantic Garden, Fort Wayne, Ind.—destination, St. Louis, Mo. Chas. Bartine assumes the stage and business management. Departures June 22, in addition to Geo. Dempster and wife: the Nelsons and Allie Smith, Chicago, where they join McCoy's Blondes. New people announced for 24: The Perry Bros., Della Wallace, Lydia Rosa, Chas. and Nellie Bartine, Florentine and Lizzie Ellis. Business is good.....Dayton's Summer Garden opens 24 with the following company: Tommy Turner, Mlle. Francis, Frankie Sidney, Lew Hallett, J. C. Murphy ("Toothless"), Emile Aims and La Pauline.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, a lengthy programme was given during the week ending June 22, commencing with Blanche Selwyn's "Red Riding-hood" Minstrels in their first-part, followed by the specialties of Quilter and Goldrick and Bryant, Blanche Selwyn, Annie Hart, Joe Norton, Julia Benton, Jennie Southern and Oscar Willis, and concluding with Murphy and Mack's extravaganza "The Lamppost Inspector," introducing Marie Gaugain and Mlle. Devereux's ballet-corps in a minuet. "Pink Dominoes" will be revived 24, with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Parker in the cast, Aubrey, Annie Drayton and Charley Reynolds also appearing in the olio.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, the new faces June 17 included Arthur Doty, female impersonator; Fred and Charles Sharpley in their musical-moke act; Mlle. Olympia and Harold De King in a clever trapeze act; Sheridan and Roach in songs-and-dances; and Miss Jennie Eagan in her skipping-rope dances. Business has continued good. John Pendy, Polly Daly, Corney and Carroll, Ackland Von Boyle and Norah Campbell are announced for 24.

AT ENDORE'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the novel attractions on June 17 were Billy and Maggie Ray in their plantation sketch "Eph's Birthday," Tom Haywood's opening specialty entitled "The Baseball Congress," and Billy Hart's capital burlesque "A Celebrated Hard Case." Eugenie Lavelle, Foley and Scheffer, and Andy Collom closed 22. The Searles Brothers, Miss Jo Stanwood, and Mlle. Louise De Lutel open 24.

DAN HART, Taylor and Cameron, Mlle. Leonetta, Nellie Edwards and Kitty Smith were the principal members of the company at the Melodeon, Philadelphia, last week.

THE THIRD-STREET OPERA-HOUSE, Philadelphia, formerly known as the Garden Music Hall, will be reopened as the 29, under the management of Houghey & Nichols.

ACCIDENT.—Mons. Charest, who had been walking the high rope in New Albany, Ind., fell during the past week a distance of forty feet to the ground, landing on his right side. He was apparently not much hurt, as he attempted to walk the rope again, but slipped a second time. Another fall was prevented, however, by his catching the rope.

AT FRAILEY'S NEW GARDEN, Jeffersonville, Ind., the new people June 17 were La Belle Helene, serio-comic; Lillie Linden, song-and-dance; and Smith, Flemming and Carroll, triple-clog and song-and-dance.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Sandusky O., booked for June 24 are Cribbins and Moran, Dotty Dimple, Amy De Brent and Ida Mayfield. Closing 22: Kate Morris, to Pittsburg; Boyd and Sarsfield, to Cincinnati; Lizzie Hamilton, to Detroit; and Sam Cole, no date.

AT THE COMIQUE, St. Louis, Mo., business was not very encouraging last week. The show presented by Maurice A. Schwab's company was rather poor. Harris and Carroll open the place 23 with a new company, whose names have not yet been made known.....The Globe is closed.....Cummings and Hines, Daisy Remington, Susie Starr, Annie Braddon and Eta Le Clair are at the Tivoli.

PERFORMERS and musicians are wanted immediately for Charley Shay's Quincuplexal Show, and the concert, slideshow and candy privileges are advertised to rent.

ARTISTS OF ABILITY can secure engagements at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass., by addressing G. E. Lothrop, proprietor, and performers having printing are requested to state where it can be ordered.

KEEFE AND JACKSON, song-and-dance, are to receive a complimentary benefit June 28 in the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre, prior to their leaving for the East.

HARPER & STANSILL'S COMBINATION is announced to perform in Stamford, Ct., June 25, and Norwalk 26. The following performers are billed: Harper and Stansill, one-legged song-and-dance; Charley Regan, banjoist; J. R. Crowell, in Ethioplan sketches; Leary and Dowes, Irish song-and-dance; Ned Forbes, light and heavy balancer; Sadie Laskelle, song-and-dance; James Cronin and Minnie Lavarde, sketch artists; Mme. Renoux, balladist; Young America, contortionist; and Kitty Clifford, vocalist.

MARIE D'ESTE'S RED-STOCKING MINSTRELS are expected to arrive in New York from San Francisco, Cal., June 24.

GEORGE COLLAMORE, banjoist, vocalist and comedian, advertises for an engagement.

CHARLES BARTINE has assumed the management of the Atlantic Garden, Fort Wayne, Ind., and would like to hear from artists. See card.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Kansas City, Mo., the Fall season will commence Sept. 1. Specialty artists desiring engagements are requested to address Fred Warren, business-manager.

JOHN PENDY, whose success in Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, is referred to in his card elsewhere, is now performing at Miller's Winter Garden, where he can be addressed. He returns to Fox's July 8.

THE ARRIVALS at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week, were J. F. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan, sketch artists; Ira Paine in glass-ball shooting, and Lizzie Daly, jig dancer. Departures 22: Chas. H. Yale, the Carleton Sisters and J. N. Boome, to Boston; Sheridan and Jourdan, Lizzie Daly and Chas. Banks, to New York; and Ira Paine, who remains in town to appear at Manager Hopkins' benefit 28. The Ninon Duclos Troupe will occupy the theatre this week.....Manager Hopkins is to have charge of the Summer theatre at Rocky Point, on Narragansett Bay. The Novello Quartet, Clayton and Weston, Frank Harrison and a full orchestra are engaged for this week.

THE SUMMER THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a good business the past week. The new appearances were H. Marix Markham and Miss Vic Markham in the one-act comedy "Our Innocent Pastor," supported by members of the regular company; Lottie Brown in a pleasing selection of songs; the Parker Sisters in musical sketches, introducing songs, banjos and guitars; Little Rosebud in songs and clever dances; and Mlle. Zoe in gymnastic feats on the flying rings. Departures 22: The Sheridan Brothers, to Baltimore; Minnie Farrell, to New York; Mlle. Zoe, to Richmond; and the Markhams. Announced for 24: The Continental Four, Marie Romeill, Senor Espinosa, Phil Heath and Julia Walcot.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Leadville, Col., was to have been opened June 13. Thomas Kemp is the proprietor and manager; Sam Bruce, stage-manager; William Wallace, leader of orchestra; Tony Ramus, leader of brass band; and William Davis, master of properties. The company engaged include the Melville Sisters, Fred Barry, the Antonio Sisters, Ada Burnett, Minnie Warren, Ella Martell and children, Barney Quinn, the Collins Brothers, Senorita Marie and Matt Lewis. Performers are advertised for.

AT THE NEW VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, San Antonio, Texas, closing June 21 were Georgie Drake, to Dallas, and the Murray Sisters, destination unknown. To open 24: Lizzie Whalen and Mollie Archer.

NORA WRIGHT'S EUROPEAN BLONDES were billed to play in St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., June 21, 22, but, owing to bad business, closed after their first night.

PERFORMERS in all branches of the profession, except gymnasts, are wanted at the Cremorne Vaudeville Theatre, this city. See card.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS, vocalists, extra ladies and others are wanted at the Tacon Theatre, this city, as per advertisement of D. Fitzgerald. The house opens July 8.

WILLIAM J. SCANLAN informs us that he is engaged to be married to Miss Ella Mayo.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., Frank Mara in Irish specialties was the only new face the past week. Billed for 24: Thatcher and Hume and Mlle. Zoe. Departures 22: Davenport and Wilson, Frank Mara to Philadelphia, and Mattie Gray to Norfolk.

TIM COHAN and Marie Poinier, Irish guide and colleen in sketches, songs, dances, etc., will be prepared July 5 to arrange for the coming season. See card.

THE VICTORIA LOFTUS Troupe of British Blondes, Burlesque Artists and Spanish Dancers, under the general direction of G. E. Lothrop, with J. Chas. Davis as business-manager, have been meeting with considerable success in their tour. Their card elsewhere gives an idea of the attractions they afford. They perform at Tony Pastor's Theatre, New York, this week, thence to Philadelphia, Pittsburg and the principal Western cities.

MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, will be closed from July 6 to Aug. 5, for the purpose of altering the auditorium and enlarging the stage. Artists booked for the intervening weeks are requested to communicate with Manager Seymour, and have their dates changed.

AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, Toronto, Ont., the latest arrivals were Vic Reynolds and Martino and Gertie Florance. Departures: Freeman Sisters, to Detroit; and Leon Whettony, to Montreal.

MARRIED.—James Green of Morris and Green (formerly Green and Sadler) was recently married in Louisville, Ky., to Miss Ida Brush, daughter of Dr. S. N. Brush, a well-known physician of that city.

THE D'ALVE SISTERS.—Lillie and Gussie—duettists and banjoists, state that their first open date is Aug. 19. Nick Norton of the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., recommends them as "artists of a superior order." They are now performing at Crane's New Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., where they can be addressed.

VARIETY NEWS from Chicago, Ill., up to June 22, is as under:

At Haverly's, Tony Pastor's Troupe did a very good business, notwithstanding the strong counter attractions of the circus. Excellent as Tony Pastor's troupes always are, this really seems the best yet, and is by long odds the best variety company seen here this season. The whole programme was carried out with delightful smoothness and lightning rapidity, and each act was rendered by artists of tried ability. Billy Barry, Frank Girard, Charles Rogers and T. Daly opened the bill with the sketch of "The Coming Man;" Jennie Morgan rendered pleasing ballads in her own particularly artistic manner; Lew Benedict, in his ventriloquial entertainment, is entitled to rank at the head of his profession; Bryant and Hoey, in their eccentric performances on musical instruments, won enthusiastic encores; Kitty O'Neil, not seen here in some time, pleased in her artistic jigs; Tony Pastor, received with unbounded enthusiasm, gave several songs; Charles Bingham and Miss Mattie Vickers, who improve steadily, introduced their imitations, songs and dances in the sketch "Stage-struck;" Billy Barry presented his budget of Ethiopian comicalities; Watson and Ellis, assisted by Miss Blanche Fontainebleau, offered their capital sketch "Dutchie in a Fix;" the Fontainebleaus—Ella and Leona—gave their amusing songs, duets and medleys; Harry and John Kernell caused uproarious laughter in their North-ot-Ireland dialect-duologues; Emerson and Clark and the Daly Brothers executed their high-kicking feats in their most approved manner; Watson and Ellis and the Misses Mattie Vickers and Blanche Fontainebleau concluded the entertainment with the sketch of "The Dutchman's Wife." The programme was changed on Thursday, the various artists presenting new sketches. This troupe makes for San Francisco as rapidly as possible, only stopping at Omaha and Virginia City on the way. Adah Richmond's Operetta Bouffe Company, with Gus Williams, open here 24.....At the New Chicago only a fair business has been done. Cal. Wagner's Minstrels, devoid of female element, continued in a first part. Prof. D. B. Hughes' Egyptian Mystery, consisting of his well-known dissolving living statues—the single figures being impersonated by Miss Edna Wellington, an exceptionally fine formed woman—constituted the principal attraction; the specialties of Sarconey, Waters and Kelley, Cal Wagner, the Haleys, Radcliffe and Oberlet and a wicked between the statue tableaux. Departures 22: Cal. Wagner, to his home, Syracuse, N. Y.; Prof. Hughes, Edna Wellington, Waters and Kelley and J. B. Radcliffe, no dates. For the week beginning 24, which is the last of John A. Hamlin's management, Ben Cotton and Little Idalene are to appear in the drama of "Faithful Bob."—John R. Allen assumes the lease and reins of management of the New Chicago July 1, and will run it as a first-class variety theatre. Among the talent which he has already secured are Tony Hart, A. C. Moreland, the Wymans—Alf and Lulu—Blanche Corelli, and Clifton and Fox. The last-named left for Beach's, Cincinnati, 20, where they play one week.....Miss Delina Pencho leaves for Deadwood, D. T., 20.....Press Eldridge and wife (Lou Sanford) arrived from San Francisco 20, en route to New York.....The Lawrence Sisters, eccentrics, open at Hooley's, Chicago, 24, for two weeks.....Miss Maud Hastings goes to Bismarck, D. T., 22, for twelve weeks.....Ristori's Female Minstrels and Specialty Troupe, comprising Nellie Sartori, Jennie Ray, Marie Nelson, Ada Hunt, Lizzie Smith, Emma Wells, Sophia Victoria, May Richardson, the Hennessey Brothers, Gus Dubois, George Nelson, Norman Colson, George H. Barr, J. R. Rockhart, Fred Barker and Otto Vogler, under the management of M. B. McCoy, with H. Pratt as treasurer and H. P. Keily as agent, start out 24, playing at La Porte, Ind., 25, South Bend 26, Mishawaka 27, Elkhart 28, Coldwater, Mich., 29, Sandusky 30, Hillsdale 2, Hudson 3, Adrian 4, Toledo, O., 5, 6.....The Fontainebleaus—Blanche, Leona and Ella—open at Heuck's, Cincinnati, 24, leaving Pastor's Troupe here, as the State law of California regarding juvenile performers prevents their playing there. They rejoin Pastor Aug. 26.....The McCain Sisters—Gussie and Emma—open at Theatre Comique, Kansas City, 25.....Mlle. Rhea, who continued open, Chrissie, who returned to his home, Grand Rapids, Mich., being the only departure. The rest prevented a first-class minstrel first-part and the drama of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Next (this) week the Dickerson Troupe will be offered.....There is plenty of talent, dramatic, variety, minstrel and circus, lying idle here.

THE LADY PUPILS of the stay of Madame Rentz's Minstrels at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., has witnessed a good performance and fair attendance, though not so large as that of the previous week. The usual first-part was given by the ladies and gentlemen of the company, the olio being made up of the specialties of Lester and Allen, Rose Lee, Gussie Crayton and James Maas, John Gilbert, Hattie Forrest, Kate and Nellie McDermott, James Reed and Lew Benedict, the concluding feature being the continuance of the burlesque "Female Forty Thieves." The theatre is now closed, arrangements for next season are not wholly concluded, but legitimate as well as novelty attractions will be presented.....Viola Clifton's troupe of Red-stocking Female Minstrels opened the 17 still at the Boston Museum—week of 17, 18, Harrington, James Cummings and James Collins being the bones, tambo and middleman, and Myrtle Picquette, Virginia Marshall and Viola Clifton the lady vocalists. The second-part introduces Harry Leclair in female characterizations, the Stuart Sisters in duets and clog dance, Cummings and Harrington in the farce "Luck and Pluck," executing Bobby Newcomb's new song-and-dance "Little Mayflower," Lottie Elliott in a double-faced dance, Viola Clifton in songs and changes, the performance concluding with the former success, "Atalanta, or the Female Athlete," in which appeared, in addition to those named above, George Atkins and the Misses Ada Freeman, Victoria Loftus, Emma Dubois, Pauline Richards, Emily Herbert and Mabel Stanton. Business for the week showed a slight decline. The new appearances 24 are Charles H. Yale, Nellie and Lizzie Carleton, Levantine and Earle, J. D. Roome, Pell and Lewis, Harry and Clara Fielding, Balbarega, and Dan Leavitt. George Farren and Charles A. Whitney, head usher and doorkeeper, received a benefit afternoon and evening of 27. Letter of June 24.

THE FRESH FACES at Crone's City Garden Indianapolis, Ind., June 17, were Manchester and Jennings, who were received with great favor, and the Parker Children in black and white face specialties. At the joint benefit of Lulu Francis and Tommy Turner, 21, a large number of volunteers appeared, and the house was crowded. Business during the week averaged fair only. Closing 22: Lulu Francis and Tommy Turner, to Fort Wayne; Parker Children and Jennie Leslie. Coming 24: D'Alve Sisters, Harry and Mary Gardiner and Edith Lyle.....At the Metropolitan Theatre 17 Manager Simon McCarthy took his annual benefit, the attendance being large. Among those who volunteered were Kate McDowell, Fannie Kent, Grace Garland, Nimmie Kent, Orville and Reese, Bell Breslow, La Petite Buston and Joe Mills, the latter a promising amateur song-and-dance artist. The stock company concluded the lengthy bill with "Baby." This house will reopen on or about Aug. 17 as a strictly variety theatre.....The Merrymakers, a variety party organized here on the commonwealth plan, take the road 24. The people are Ben Dodge, Mabel Leigh, Little Bob, Nimmie Kent, Ethel Lee, Billy Cameron, and Charles L. Gould. Ben Dodge is business manager; Thomas J. Dare, treasurer; and Fred H. Blecker, agent. Route: Muncie, Ind., 24, New Castle 25, Richmond 26, Greenville, O., 27, Union City, Ind., 28, Sidney, O., 29.....At Grenert's Hall the new people comprise Edie De Rock, Blanche Nichols, and Bertie Evremond. Florence Pauline closed. Coming 24: Jennie Leslie.....Homer and Holly—the former of whom has been in retirement in this city for some time past—will doubtless again on the arrival of Mr. Holly from New Orleans.....Pat Clary, for a number of years doorkeeper at the Metropolitan, has accepted a similar position at Crone's City Gardens.....At the eleventh hour Frank Wright concluded not to go with Prof. Hughes' Egyptian Mystery party.....Miss Edie De Rock desires your correspondent to state that the sudden termination of her engagement at Crone's City Garden was owing purely to personal matters with Stage-manager Bulmer, and not on account of her style of dressing. She had previously played a two weeks' engagement at the same place.....The Adelphi Theatre at Danville, Ill., and the Variety Theatre at Lafayette, Ind., have succumbed to hard times. At the former place some of the performers received any salary. Among them were John and Blanche Nichols. Letter of 21.

AT THE CENTRAL SUMMER GARDEN, Baltimore, Md., a good show was given last week. The serio-comics were Marie Hall, Alice Gilmore, Cora Wilson and Lizzie Aldine, the latter lady suffering somewhat from stage-fright, but otherwise a very fair performer; Emil Goroux in the art of balancing and juggling; Marie Romeill and Senor Espinosa in trapeze acts; Frankie Christie in fancy dances; and the Courtland Sisters—Helen and Clara—whose clever duets took the house by storm. L. D. Blondell was the recipient of a fairly-good benefit 23. His abilities as a comedian were advantageously displayed in "Wanted, 10,000 Young Milliners." Besides the volunteering of the entire company were R. G. Allen in banjo solos, and Banghman and Hume the crack rifle-shots, they using for the first times the rifles lately presented to them by F. Wesson of Worcester, Mass. A feature of a promenade concert after the show was added this week. Departures 22: The Continental Four to Washington; Emil Goroux, Marie Romeill and Senor Espinosa and Frank Lewis, to New York; and Prof. J. B. Holding and his orchestra, to Harry Miner's New London, New York. Prof. Brittner, late leader of Holliday-street Theatre, takes Prof. Holding's place. The first-named gentleman was presented by the attaches of this house on 20 with an elegant rose-wood violin case and baton. Murray and Monroe, Smith and Byrne, and Mollie Wells were engaged for 24.....At the Odeon the arrivals were Tommy Jefferson and Frank Carlton, general performers; Nellie Bland, serio-comic; the Carle Sisters in fancy dances; and Billy Noonan and Alice Bateman in a combat clog, introducing a walk-a-an Irish jig and a trial dance. Business good. Departures 22: Blanche Roselle, to Bradford, Pa., and Phil Heath, to Philadelphia. For 24: Miss Ione Lang, Roselle and Mac, the Andrews.....The new people at Schlegel's Orchestrion were Leona De Forrest, serio-comic; Mattie Alliston, vocalist; and Prof. Ashley in feats of magic and ventriloquism. Departures: Prof. Ashley, to New Castle, Pa., male impersonator; Frances Newman, fancy dancer; and Prof. D. L. Miller and his educated pig were the arrivals at the Coliseum. Business fair. Letter of June 23.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

WILL LAVAKE, baritone-balladist, and Bruce Forrester, clarionet-player, have been secured for next season with Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS showed in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 20, Newburg 21, Rondout 22, and are to visit Middletown 24, Port Jervis 25, and Binghamton 26.

LEW JOHNSON, manager of the Old Tennessee Jubilee Singers, after closing his season June 29 in Cincinnati, O., will leave for Chicago, where he will remain during the Summer.

THE NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS and Boston Concert Troupe, with Laura Russell's Cornet Band, Prof. B. Emery manager, are to perform in Liverpool, N. S., June 24, 25, Bridgewater 28, Halifax July 1, 2, thence to Prince Edward's Island.

CROSS, GARNET & CO.'s Virginia and Old Dominion Minstrels, a new organization, are to take the road about Oct. 1. A violinist is wanted. See card.

E. M. HALL'S MINSTRELS, comprising E. M. Hall, Mark Hughes, Rankin Brothers and others, under the leadership of D. B. Hodges, start out June 24 from Chicago, Ill., for a Summer tour of the far Northwest, through a country little visited by shows.

GUSTAVE FROHMAN left New York June 22 for Brockport, N. Y., where he takes charge of Callender's Georgia Minstrels for J. H. Haverly.

THE TWO MINSTREL HALLS in Philadelphia remain closed. It is rumored that Sweatnam and Dixey will be associated in the management of the Arch-street Opera-house, while J. L. Carncross will run the Eleventh-street Opera-house, another rumor having Dixey rejoining Carncross at the latter establishment.

W. J. MCALLISTER of Harry Robinson's Minstrels reached his home, in Troy, N. Y., June 22. The troupe goes on to California, but McAllister's wife is ill, and he has concluded to stay at home.

HAVERLY'S NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS are billed in Princeton, Ill., June 24, Kewanne 25, Galva 26, Galesburg 27, Monmouth 28, Rock Island 29.

CIRCUSES.

DAVE PERCIVAL, once well known as a chariot-driver, died in destitute circumstances at the Philadelphia Almshouse about June 9. He had retired a few years ago, and was then well off, but lost lately, in an unexplained manner, all he possessed. He was originally from Camden, Oneida County, N. Y., but had been living in Philadelphia about a year prior to his sudden demise. His remains were sent to Utica, N. Y., where his brother-in-law is now living.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS, which exhibited in Austin, Minn., June 22, is billed in Northfield 24, Owatonna 25, Wells 26, Winnebago 27, Spring Valley 28. Business is reported good since the weather cleared up.

H. F. NICHOLS, who has recently returned from Australia, can be engaged as ringmaster and lecturer. See card.

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS is to exhibit in Kansas City, Mo., July 4.

THE GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS and Monster Coliseum gave two exhibitions to good business in Greenville, Mich., June 17. A correspondent says: "The street parade was poor, but they give a good show.—The prominent features are the bareback riding of Miles Orton and his two children' and the clowning of Al Field. There have been several changes in this company lately—W. W. Nichols joined the show 11; the Bensleys, gymnasts, left 15; Horace Nichols joins the party in Grand Rapids 20. He is lying there sick with malarial disease contracted in Australia. Miles Orton has the concert and Al Field the reserved seats and candy privileges. The trick-stallion Montezuma kicked a farmer in the abdomen while the show was in Newago, injuring him so severely that he died. His friends have brought a suit against the company for damages. Their route from here is Saranac 19, Millvale 20, Ludington 21, Allegan 22, Manistee 26, and thence by steamer up around the Straits, opening in Milwaukee July 4, Chicago 7, thence by wagons through Ohio and Indiana."

IN CHICAGO, Ill., during the week ending June 22, Forepaugh's Circus gave afternoon and evening entertainments to an aggregate attendance of eight thousand persons daily, says our correspondent, adding: "The menagerie department is remarkably large and complete, while the ring performances were excellent. The company includes Frank Melville, Wm. Dutton, Wm. Monroe, Wm. Forepaugh, Addie Forepaugh Jr., Dave Hanley, George Dunbar, Henry Berdan, Wm. Conwell, Leslie Brothers, W. C. Moreland, Suydam Brothers, Robinson Brothers, Young Ajax, with Grimaldi Adams, Tom Barry, Robinson and Suydam as clowns, and the Misses Louise Boshell, Caroline Rolland, Sadie Connoley and Mme. Berdan. In the bareback and ring performances the perfect memory of some of the performers. The play ought to please the audiences which patronize the Olympic, for it has that mixture of pathos and of fun which is essential to the success of a melodrama. The chief fault into which the authors seem to me to have fallen is that they have preserved the features of the original story without venturing to give it the tragical ending which is the natural outcome of such a complication as that represented in the play * * * If any evidence were wanted of the strong hold which Mrs. Dion Boucicault has upon the affections of the public, it would have been afforded in the hearty welcome she received on her return to the stage, which has too long mourned her absence. Time has not robbed her of any of her charms, while she has matured her artistic skill; and few more delightful impersonations have been seen of late years than her Hester Midhurst. Bright, natural and earnest, whether in the pathetic or in the lighter passages, she was equally successful in winning the sympathies of the audience.....'Vanderdecken,' by Percy Fitzgerald and W. G. Wills, was produced in the Lyceum Theatre June 20.....We excerpt the following from the review of the piece: "It certainly must be admitted that the authors have deliberately thrown away the majority of opportunities—by no means many—which their subject offered for effective dramatic treatment. With regard to the literary merits, we have a serious charge to bring against Mr. Wills. To the ear the language sounds like disjointed snatches of prose and verse mixed. It reads like those miserable productions of the seventeenth century, which, printed like prose, yet irritate the reader by the constant recurrence of more or less imperfect lines of blank verse. Vanderdecken is not a play in which the acting can rise to any very high level. As Philip Vanderdecken Mr. Irving was artistic and picturesque, but the level gloom of the part does not admit of those dramatic contrasts in which he is so effective. His first entrance was excellent—the perfect repose was most remarkable to all who know how much, like all great actors, he suffers from nervousness on the first representation of a new character. Mr. Irving looked like a beautiful portrait by Rembrandt; but the part really is more like a speaking picture than anything of such a nature can be imagined, than a dramatic role.".....The Whit Monday amusements were of a very miscellaneous order, but the various places of entertainment were largely patronized. At the Canterbury Palace upwards of 5,000 passed the turnstile. At the Westminster Aquarium the whale drew an enormous crowd, and Wybrow Robertson succeeded in attracting a larger number of people than has ever before been assembled in this popular building. The Alexandra Palace, where a volunteer sham fight was the piece de resistance, was equally well patronized, while more than 13,000 people passed the turnstiles at the Brighton Aquarium to enjoy the feast of good things Reeves Smith had provided. At the Albert Hall nearly 8,000 people were present at Ambrose Austin's concert, the Polytechnic had 2,000 visitors, 20,000 gave visits to the Zoological Gardens, while the waxworks of Mme. Tussaud attracted a larger concourse of people than has been known on any previous holiday. The Lyceum, now the rage, for the most part, well filled, and the Summer holiday seems to have been generally enjoyed.

MLLE. TALLANDIER, who attracted a deal of attention four years ago at the Gymnase, Paris, died recently of consumption. Her real name was Marie Amelena Dubreuil, and she was in her thirty-second year. Her remains were taken to Paris, and interred in Père la Chaise June 5. A short time before her death, in the South of France, her physician told her she might consider herself cured, and while she was engaged in making preparations to return to Paris she was attacked by a sudden crisis that carried her off in a few hours.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH was to have had a farewell benefit at the Gaiety, London, June 15, when she was to have played Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," and Mr. Sothern was to have played Hugh De Brass in "A Regular Fix."

W. S. GILBERT is at work on a new version of "Faust and Marguerite" for the Olympic, London.

"OUR BOYS" was to have been performed for the 1,100th night in the Vaudeville, London, June 14.

RICHARD SUTTON, pantomime clown, died in London, Eng., May 31, aged 59 years. During the season of 1852-3 he was engaged at the National Theatre, Boston, Mass., after which he returned to England.

India News.

AN OLD SHOWMAN writes to THE CLIPPER as follows:

CALCUTTA, INDIA, May 13, 1878.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir:* I am glad to be giving you the limited show news in India. John Wilson has closed his circus and gilt-business season in Bombay, and has gone to Hyderabad and Madras, en route to Java.....Mr. Bertram, closed their season in the Corinthian Theatre here May 4, and have left for Ceylon, thence to Singapore, Java and Australia.....There are two or three small companies playing up the country; but, the weather being so hot, and as it is out of season, they are said to be meeting with little success.....Kirk and Drew, acrobatic song-and-dance artists, with Kirk's Mormon Troupe, are doing well.....The third annual series of Spring games by the Union Athletic Club will be given on the grounds of the Boston Baseball Club 29.....Our city fathers have engaged the following professionals to entertain the little folks in different parts of Boston on the Fourth of July: Professors Harrington, Logrenia, Rice Fillebrown, Watson, Harry Bryant, Andrus, Harry Leopold, Spalding's Bellringers, Balabrega the boy-magician, Martini Chiriski, and Crangett and Obrey.....A reception and testimonial will be given Horace Seaver at Paine Hall 25, Wyzeman Marshall, Miss Lucette Webster, John Davies, John Salmon, Hattie E. Mendum, Nellie Bernard, Francis E. Abbott, and B. F. Underwood are entertaining.

PROFESSOR GEORGE F. BARKER of the University of Pennsylvania delivered a lecture June 20 on "The Telephone and Microphone" at the West Philadelphia Institute, Philadelphia.....Edison's phonograph, with W. Northcott, cornetsolost, as an extra attraction, was exhibited for the last time during the week ending 22.....At The International Exhibition, Zoological Garden, Pennsylvania Museum, "Siege of Paris," and Engle Clock continued to attract a fair share of patronage last week.

THE RINK, Fort Wayne, Ind., is advertised to rent. It has a seating capacity of sixteen hundred, and is furnished with a stage, scenery, etc. A GOOD AGENT is wanted for the Wallace Sisters' Co. Address F. B. Dobson, as per card.

J. H. DANLAY, slideshow-blower, whose address is care of this office, wants an engagement.

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH closed at Wright's Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., June 19. C. H. Fiske, who owns the right to exhibit the machine in Northern Indiana, did so in Anderson 20, Muncie 21, Union City 22.....George Francis Train is announced to lecture July 6.

MASTER J. HARRY SHANNON the boy-orator held forth at Library Hall, St. Louis, Mo., June 20, 21, 22, to large audiences. Harry Eytinge is business-manager.

E. T. GILLILAND exhibited the phonograph at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, during the week ending June 22. Beginning 24, he will make a tour of the towns of Southern Ohio.

FRANCOIS R. BLITZ and a balloon show are to exhibit in Wyandotte, Kas., June 29, Kansas City, Mo., July 4. Alma, the female balloon ascensionist, had a narrow escape June 15. When the balloon (hot air) was descending, and was about ten feet from the ground, it burst. Alma, who was hanging from the trapeze head downwards, escaped with a few bruises.

THE TREMONT OPERA-HOUSE, Galveston, Texas, opens about Oct. 15 for the season, under the management of the firm of the Lyons. Dates can be obtained by applying as per card.

PROF. DARE, high-rope walker, has terminated his tour, and is now rusticating at his home, in Walcott, N. Y.

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH was on exhibition in Paterson, N. J., June 14, 19, to good business.

WOODRUFF'S BOHEMIAN GLASS-BLOWERS, who exhibited at Paterson, N. J., during the past week, to large business, are to open in Newburg, N. Y., 25, for one week, Poughkeepsie July 1, for a like period, thence to Boston, where they lay off for two weeks.

HARTZ the magician requests those desirous of securing his services to make an early application for dates. See card.

H. A. THOMAS, theatrical lithographer, makes portraits and scenes from plays a specialty, also wood-engraving of every description, at the lowest cash prices. See card.

MARCUS HERRMAN in his many-voice specialties, Punch-and-Judy performances, etc., can be addressed for dates after July 8 as per card.

THE PHONOGRAPH is to be exhibited for the first time in Richmond, Va., June 24, under the management of J. R. Ford.

P. MOONEY advertises a variety of snakes for sale, including three of the largest on exhibition.

AMATEUR.

A DRAMATIC and musical association was formed in Baltimore, Md., last week, by a number of well-known gentlemen, under the name of "The Dramatic and Lyric Association of Baltimore." Our correspondent says: "This will be a fine stock concern, self-supporting, and will at once go into active rehearsal for an early debut. The society has leased a commodious hall, where this season entertainments, operas or concerts will be given. The entertainments will be all by subscription; and from the well-known character of the talent engaged, many of whom are able and experienced, it is thought that they will create a stir in dramatic and musical circles. Prof. J. B. Hewitt will be director."—The Boccicault Dramatic Association of Philadelphia performed "Caste" on June 21.....J. B. Warren of the Wheatley Dramatic Association sailed for Europe on 20.....E. E. Hulfish Jr. of the Wheatley has lately been married.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

MISS GRACE COURTLAND, an American actress, who was wrecked on the steamship Idaho and lost all of her wardrobe, was tendered benefits in Liverpool, Eng., June 15, 17, under the patronage of General Fairchild, American consul, and George Ramsden of the Union Line. Sam Hague's Minstrels volunteered, and Miss Courtland gave readings and impersonations.

DEATH OF MRS. CHARLES HORSMAN.—This actress, well known and esteemed on the metropolitan stage, expired June 4 at her residence, Bradford, in her fifty-first year. Her maiden name was Charlotte Gardiner, and she belonged to a Dublin family of good position. Since her marriage with Charles Horsman, in 1847, her popularity on the stage was always identified with her husband's appreciation, and she held a prominent place from time to time on the boards of the Lyceum, Strand, Sadler's Wells and Holburn Theatres. For some period Mrs. Charles Horsman was connected with the "Pyramus and Thisbe" Company, and her last appearance was at Bradford, when she played Meg Merrilies in "Guy Mannering" to the Henry Bertram of Sims Reeves, May 14, 1877. The funeral took place 7 at the Undercliffe Cemetery, Bradford.

NOTHING NEW at the theatres in Paris, France. At the Porte St. Martin "Around the

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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TO GYMNASTS.—C. H. HAWKINS, No. 118 E. 13th st., New York, Maker of Gymnastic Apparatus, Leaping Boards, and Bars, Horizontal-bars, Steel Centres, Magic Barrels, Crosses and Globes. Gymnasiums fitted up, etc., etc. Send stamp for circular. 6-13t*

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VOICE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PRESS.

BUSH-STREET.—HARRIGAN AND HART, Protean artists, with their own company, began a three-nights' stay at this theatre last night to a crowded audience. Their specialties are numerous, varied and very amusing. They make a number of changes from white to black, male to female, and in half a dozen nationalities. The imitations are good, and their wit unceasing in its flow of novel surprises. All they perform is original with themselves. They were received with the heartiest applause, and showed how much more could be made out of acts that have been bunglingly appropriated. They are, evidently, gentlemen of thorough originality and ability in their profession. The music of their songs, composed by the leader of their orchestra, Mr. Dave Braham, is catching and very pleasant. The melody of "Slavery Days" was particularly charming. The drill of the miniature "69th" awoke a great enthusiasm.—DAILY ALTA CALIFORNIA AND SAN FRANCISCO TIMES, June 4.

BUSH-STREET THEATRE.—Harrigan and Hart do a great variety of protean business, and do it in a clever and highly artistic style. The first plays successively two or three varieties of Irishmen, an English cockney, a plantation negro, and an Italian peanut-vender; the second, an Irish girl, a French flower-girl, a cockney of a type different from Harrigan's, an aged female fruit-seller, and a colored girl. It is rare to see this class of theatrical business, which certainly occupies a legitimate place in the dramatic field, so acceptably done. Both gentlemen have a special fitness for their work. Both sing well, and their acting shows that they are thoroughly familiar with the stage and its requirements. They are always bright and fresh. Scarcely anything they do has the savor of antiquity. The special dialogue of the principals is full of wit and humor. The house has been filled to overflowing.—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, June 5, 1878.

At the Bush-street Theatre the attraction was the first performance of "The Doyle Brothers" by the Harrigan & Hart Combination. The performances were witnessed by one of the largest audiences we have seen inside of this theatre, and constant applause showed how complete the hit was that the company made. The orchestra is not the least feature of the troupe. They are all soloists in combination, as it were, and the performance of a member on the xylophone is simply wonderful. We will give further attention to this admirable performance.—DAILY MORNING CALL, June 4.

Harrigan and Hart were greeted by a jam at the Bush-street Theatre last evening. The gallant Sixty-ninth excels anything of the kind ever seen here.—DAILY EVENING POST, June 5, 1878.

BUSH-STREET THEATRE.—The Harrigan & Hart Combination will continue "The Doyle Brothers" all this week. As an exhibition of protean acting this entertainment cannot be excelled.—DAILY EVENING BULLETIN, San Francisco, June 5, 1878.

BUSH-STREET THEATRE.—Another house crowded to the doors greeted the second appearance of Harrigan & Hart's Combination in their peculiarly constructed drama of "The Doyle Brothers," in which Harrigan and Hart each assume six characters and introduce an immense number of specialties, in white and black, English, Irish, Italian and African. Many of these acts have been attempted here by bungling imitators, but it remained for the originals to give them to us in all their unctuous humor. The boys of "The Gallant 69th" went through their evolutions in true military style, and sang their marching song in a manner that would have done credit to older voices. They were encored time and time again, the audience seemingly never tiring of them.—FIGARO—THE ORGAN OF AMUSEMENTS.

HE LAUGHED HIS TEETH OUT.—Some appreciative individual sitting in a front seat of the balcony of the Bush-street Theatre, last night, just over the orchestra, laughed so heartily at the comicalities of Harrigan and Hart that he laughed his teeth out and dropped them in the orchestra below. Joe, in cleaning up this morning, found them, whole and uninjured. They are a rather expensive full set of upper teeth, which the owner can have by applying for and proving property at the box-office.

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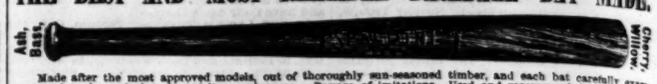

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